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THE SHAWL
—as Paris wears it
Knitting instructions, page 39

She's full of surprises that woman hidden within you



Her inner, joyous sparkle glows out from her lovely face

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's face has an unforgettable way of lighting up like sunshine, and flooding you with the warmth that belongs to her Inner Self. She looks the magnetic, charming woman she is! No wonder hearts are completely won by her! No wonder she makes so many friends!

There is a fine, soft, "made-out-of-a-rose" look about Mrs. Vanderbilt's complexion. She is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "It is especially soft and pleasant to use — Pond's is a beautiful cream," she says.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT —
Start this rewarding Pond's care now. Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream — today!

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It is this power that lights you so happily when you know you *look* lovely. But — it can also deflate and dim you, when you do not look your best. So never be careless about those precious everyday beauty essentials that add so much to your *outer* loveliness — your *inner* poise and happiness.

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Cream Rinse — do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

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This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside* — Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away skin-dulling dirt as you massage. *From the Inside* — every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "This treatment with Pond's Cold Cream leaves my face feeling *immaculate*."

IT IS NOT VANITY to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and you feel so much more at ease. You light up with an infectious happiness other people find exciting and delightful. And this brings them closer to the real Inner You.

All for Love

By Vera Dwyer

4 APR 1951
NEW SOUTH WALES

Janie wanted a new hat, but saleswomen flustered her. So one night she contrived to stay in the store after closing time and leisurely try on hats. That was where Derek found her.

IT was only ten minutes before closing time in the department store of Derek Towers and Company when young Derek Towers, who had been out of town all afternoon, drew up his car to the edge of the pavement and entered the brightly lit, still thronged building.

He had decided to telephone his mother that he couldn't get home in time for dinner. She'd be disappointed, because Lal was coming, but it was his knowledge of the resentment they would both feel that hardened his determination to remain away. It wasn't that he didn't like Lal, but he wasn't going to be rushed into an engagement with her.

Ignoring the side door by means of which he could have reached the executive offices of the firm without passing through any of the showrooms, he sauntered round to the main entrance on the corner.

Derek made his unhurried way across the ground floor, past the tables where women paused in their fingering of countless delightful trifles to watch his progress towards the lift which presently bore him to the floor above.

Women's hats, alluringly veiled, fascinatingly tilted. His eyes appraised them with tolerant pleasure as he strolled through the millinery department towards his office beyond.

Yet it was only his surface attention that was given to the people around him. He was composing the story of an unexpected meeting and dinner appointment with a big business man, which was to absolve him from the obligation to dine at home. He was

deciding that he'd go to Betty's to dine, and let her sing for him afterwards.

When he had telephoned his mother, he called up a delighted Betty, and remained to write to Marie who was away on a holiday. A letter full of those non-committal gallantries which flowed from his pen as effortlessly as they were wont to do from his lips.

The store was closed when he left the room about half an hour later, and he started out through the showrooms.

Thanks to the superior quality of the carpet in the corridor, his footsteps were soundless, but it was due to his own presence of mind that, as he entered the millinery department, the shock of surprise which brought him to an abrupt standstill brought no exclamation to his lips.

Not fifty yards from him, seated in a little gilt chair before the very first mirror ahead, was a girl. She was fair, slender, about twenty, and the face that he saw in profile was of an appealingly childish type.

She was dressed delightfully, and the little blue straw hat that turned upward from her face revealed the shining ripples of her pale golden hair. As she gazed into the mirror, she applied her lipstick with absorbed care.

How on earth had she contrived to evade being shown out with the last of the customers? And why was she wasting time with that lipstick instead of hustling around snatching what she could before the caretaker passed through to make sure that all was in order after the departure of the management and staff?

While he watched and wondered, the girl closed her eyes, and, her face still uplifted, spoke in a passionate whisper that reached his ears:

"If only he will think I'm beautiful! And if only he'd ask me out to dinner with him! Just me alone, in some very nice place!"

So that was it! He might have guessed! She had followed him in from the street, no doubt, had contrived to hide somewhere until the store was closed.

Derek closed the door behind him noisily, and strode forward, left eyebrow raised, as the girl, with a startled exclamation, turned towards him.

"Oh, dear!" she said, breathlessly. "Whatever must you think of me? I'll try to explain, Mr. Towers. Er—you are Mr. Derek Towers, aren't you?"

And then, in response to the smiling mockery in his eyes, "Yes, I know you are. Everybody knows you by sight. Well, your typist, Miss Hurley, and I are friends. I often call for her and we go home together. I came in near closing time this afternoon, but she reminded me that she was working late, and wouldn't be able to leave for about an hour."

She smiled shyly, and went on: "I hadn't forgotten, really. I only wanted some place to hide in till everybody was gone from the showrooms. So I rested in her room till I was sure, then told her I wouldn't wait any longer, and she just nodded and went on typing, without looking at me or her watch. I had manoeuvred it all, on the spur of the moment, because I wanted—terribly—to be alone with—"

"The hats," he interposed, as she hesitated.

Please turn to page 4

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HPI 143.51

All for Love

Continued from page 3

JANIE took the cue he offered. "With the hats. Yes, but truly I didn't plan to steal any, Mr. Towers. Do I look like a thief?"

"Not very. But then lots of thoroughly wicked people look innocent."

"I'm a teacher," she said, "and there are plenty of people here in Treecton who would vouch for my honesty. I've lived here nearly six months. Can't you remember ever having seen me before?"

"No," he said.

She turned away, sat down again on the little gilt chair. "Oh, well, I never really thought you would," she said.

"Though now I come to look at you, I can't understand why," he conceded.

"I can." The girl picked up a hat that had been lying on a nearby table. It was a drooping hat of cheap brown straw, a hat so commonplace that for the past twenty years or so it might have been neither in the fashion nor startlingly out of it.

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"If you're asking my advice, I'd neither buy nor steal it. It's not worth having either on your head or your conscience," said Derek Towers.

"It's my hat," she said, firmly. "I've been wearing it ever since I came to Treecton. I bought it in the place I came from—Stumpville. It's about the only kind of hat—with unimportant variations—they ever wear in Stumpville."

"Then may I congratulate you upon the way you've broken away at last from Stumpville and its traditions?"

"This hat I've got on now is yours," she told him, "but it'll be mine as soon as the store opens to-morrow. I'll be waiting on the doorstep to buy it. It's frightfully expensive, but it's worth every penny."

So now he understood more completely. Derek Towers was enjoying himself more and more in the company of this girl from Stumpville, who had had the audacity and enterprise to thrust herself upon his notice like this in his own department store, after lawlessly tricking herself out there in a hat chosen for the express purpose of bowling him over.

"I might never have discovered how perfectly it suits me if I hadn't snatched at this opportunity of being alone with it," she continued, "because smart sales ladies terrify and distract me."

Janie faced him challengingly. "Mr. Towers," she said, "please tell me whether you think me pretty, even without the hat!"

"Look in the mirror," he told her, "and far be it from me to argue the point with it."

"I do look lovely in it, don't I?" she said.

Derek made a sudden decision. "Janie," he said, "have you ever dined and danced at a place called 'The Golden Owl,' about twenty miles out along the Solong Road?"

"No, but I've heard of it often, of course."

"Would you like to come along there with me this evening—blue hat and all? I've got my car outside, and I can book a table for here."

"Oh-h! It would be just wonderful to go there—with

you! But I can't wear the hat till I've bought it."

"Nonsense! I can bring it back here to-morrow morning, and then nobody need know. And we'll park the Stumpville model in the car."

He left her for a few moments while he returned to his office to telephone glib excuses to Betty, and then "The Golden Owl."

"I'll be a fairy-godfather to her," he resolved.

But he was reckoning without the magic that was abroad in the spring night beyond the town—magic of moonlight that lay in eerie white patches between the blackness of tree shadows out along the Solong Road.

So there came a moment when Derek stopped the car in a shadowed bend of the road to tell her that she was very, very sweet, to speak, a little cynically, of the boredom and disillusionments of life, to listen to her softly expressed wonderment that he should ever find life disappointing—to put his arms about her and kiss her on the lips.

He kissed her again at parting just because she was so sweet and had lived in Treecton for all these months without his having known her. She thanked him for the evening in rather touching fashion, her eyes shining starrily up at him, under the jaunty blue hat. And then he forgot her.

IT was just like that. He knew where she lived and worked, and five weeks passed in which he made no sign.

His new car had arrived, and Carmen had returned from her holiday.

Then one Sunday morning he saw Janie in church, when he had accompanied his mother, because of a special service for the dedication of a window in memory of his late father.

The girl was seated a few pews ahead of them, on the opposite side of the aisle, and he was able to observe her without once meeting her eyes. She was wearing the blue dress and hat, but her soft lips had a sorrowful droop.

Again and again his eyes lingered on her in dismay.

She ought to know better, this girl from Stumpville, than seriously to fret because he hadn't followed up that first meeting.

By Tuesday morning he had succeeded in dismissing her from his mind again, though it had been a bit of an effort, so he was the more vexed when, two days later, he came suddenly face to face with her in Spruce Street at four in the afternoon.

"Oh, Mr. Towers!" she said emotionally. She was still wearing the Stumpville hat.

"See here," he said, desperately, "let's go and have tea somewhere, shall we?"

"Yes," she said. "Oh yes."

He led her across the road and round the corner to an old-fashioned pastrycook's, where, in a dim corner at the back of the shop, he ordered tea and buns for two.

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Interesting People



MR. ROBIN LOVEJOY
... plays the thing

PRODUCER, actor, designer Robin Lovejoy, of Sydney's Metropolitan Theatre, reads all latest plays with a view to either producing or designing settings. Originally to be a chartered accountant, he joined Metropolitan Theatre, and has produced Sheridan's "The Rivals" and Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." Current production is "Hamlet," for which he is also designing setting and costumes. Was responsible for costuming of "Corroboree."



MRS. PERLE MESTA
... "no parties, please"

FAMOUS American hostess Mrs. Perle Mesta is making a great success of her first diplomatic post in Europe—U.S. Minister to Luxembourg. On her recent visit to London her request was "no parties, please." One of the very few women to hold position as ambassador, Mrs. Mesta's extraordinary personality has won her acclaim in the once-doubting diplomatic circles.



MR. ADAM KRIEGL
... beautiful scenery

BELGIAN-TRAINED Russian violinist Adam Kriegl has recently been appointed professor of the violin at Sydney Conservatorium. Trained in Brussels, he has been on staff of Melbourne University Conservatorium. Toured Australia as soloist and playing chamber music. Is water-color artist in spare time. Loves beautiful scenery, which he says he finds everywhere in Australia.

No Private Life

By
Mary
James

AUNT CHRISTINE used to say, "If you marry a musician you live with music. There's no half-way about it." She should know, because in his time Uncle Cedric was one of the best trombone players in the country. She was a small, quiet little person who went to concerts and unobtrusively slept through the forty-minute symphonies. But she never failed to provide Uncle Cedric with an attractive meal and warmed slippers when he came home late from a concert.

I thought about her a lot in the months that followed my marriage to Stephen Conway. It seemed that the dear, loving Steve I had married only appeared on certain occasions; the rest of the time he was Stephen Conway, of Mario's Ensemble, the brilliant young musician who doubled on saxophone and viola.

Every time the phone went I knew that a little more of our time together had been snatched from us, that Steve had another engagement entailing a few hours' rehearsal as well as the performance itself.

The first time I complained to Steve, when he came home extra late after a dance session, he regarded me with a frown of half-indulgent, half-impatient protest. "We have to eat, darling, and pay the rent, and keep ourselves decently clad," he said. I had no answer to that.

There were times, however, when Steve himself felt the drag of so much work. "It keeps coming in. There's no end to it. I'm fed up! Next time the phone goes, tell whoever it is that I've got mumps," he grumbled. But he never did turn an engagement down.

Steve would try to explain to me how he felt about his music on the rare evenings we spent together in the sitting-room of our mews flat off Primrose Hill.

They were wonderful evenings. I would change into my pale green housecoat with the silver buttons. We'd sit and talk a little, and sometimes Steve would whisper, lips against my throat, "There's the phone. Let it ring!"

One such evening I reminded him, "When we were engaged we went out into the country, somewhere in Sussex, remember? We discovered a little wood. Our wood. You wore a blue sports shirt, and mine exactly matched it."

I paused, waiting for him to remember, to go on with the story.

He said softly, "And we found a little clearing where the sun came through, and there was a tree—our tree. I used my penknife and carved our two names, M. and S. Mollie and Steve, entwined in a neat little monogram, with the date, 1946."

He paused, and added, reflectively: "That was the afternoon of the day I signed my contract with Mario and became a minor celebrity."

That's how it always ended. Somehow I could never find the words to make him understand that

I bent down and found the mark Steve had made. Behind me Jeff flicked open his penknife.

far above the pride I felt in Stephen Conway was the love I had for Steve, my husband; the yearning for his presence, the resentment I tried to stifle against all the Marios who robbed me of his company.

Our little home was so nice. A green-painted front door and narrow stairs that went up to the four rooms above the garage where Steve kept his red sports car. But it was lonely. There were too many hours I had to spend alone. Aunt Christine understood.

She came to see me on the evening Steve phoned saying he'd be home early, bringing a friend with him. I was terribly excited and anxious to make a good show of the evening. I changed into my best frock, brushed my hair till it was smooth and shining, and wore my coral earrings.

When I was ready the phone rang again, and it was Steve to say they would be unable to come after all, because the conductor had begged for another hour's rehearsal and there wouldn't be time for them to get back before the broadcast.

I was crying, like a disappointed child, when Aunt Christine came up the stairs and found me.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed. She was a small woman, but it was comforting to feel her arms round me while I poured out my resentment and misery.

"I know. I know only too well," she kept saying, over and over again. "You have to learn to fill in the gaps, to make your own life something quite apart from Steve so that you won't miss him too much and be a misery when he comes back."

"Is that how you managed?" A faint, saddened expression crossed her face. "Yes, dear, that's how I managed."

I couldn't help remembering her expression and the way her voice sounded when, a few weeks later, I became friendly with the man next door.

"The Man-Next-Door," said Steve, all in capitals, "makes a heck of a row with that supercharged car of his. Added to which he slams his garage door and nearly rockets us out of bed. I'm going to ring up and complain."

I handed him his coffee with a smile. "I shouldn't. You'll end up by discovering that he adores Delius and the higher grades of jazz and forgive him all his trespasses," I teased. "Let me handle him."

So that's how I came to speak to Jeff Phillips, who was something to do with cars. In his own way he was as handsome as Steve, and he had a lot of spare time. During the summer we went out together driving in the country. But I was always most punctilious about getting home before Steve.

Steve did not seem to mind my frequent excursions with Jeff, and only once did he remark on them. I arrived home later than usual one day to find him there before me, lying full length on the sofa with a rug thrown over his knees, smoking and glancing angrily at the clock.

"Where have you been?" he demanded without looking up.

As if it were a story belonging to someone else, I told him about my drive with Jeff, and of the picnic lunch we had eaten on the Downs overlooking the sea.

"Darling," I said, "you didn't mind my going?"

It was then that Steve frowned, not looking at me, and said angrily,

ILLUSTRATED BY
WYNNE W. DAVIES



"You might have left a note for me. After all, you're my wife. I've a right to know where you've been!"

I went to him then, still in my outdoor clothes with a scarf tied over my hair, and clung to him, my cheek against his coat sleeve.

"Darling," I said, "I only went to fill up the gap, the hours you're away from me." I remembered Aunt Christine. Was this how she had filled the gap? Had there been a Jeff Phillips in her life?

I don't believe that any couple who are happily married and in love with each other ever feel glad when that contentment begins to fade. I loved Steve. I didn't want anyone else in the world.

But, odd as it may sound, it suddenly dawned on me that the hours I spent with him were increasingly fewer when I added up the time I was with Jeff.

Jeff was fun. He was gentle, too, and considerate, and when he took my hand and just sat without talking, I could feel a warm, pleasurable camaraderie between us.

THIS should have been a warning, yet it didn't occur to me that this liking for him, the getting to know each other so well, was all a prelude to something deeper.

It was upon us like a tornado, just in the moment it takes for two people to look at each other and feel that sudden, blinding awareness. I was in Jeff's arms, there in the dusty garage below our flat, but deeper than the ecstasy was the cold knowledge of the havoc we were creating.

Jeff knew it, too. He let me go, and I saw how shaken he was, the faint shadow of doubt in his eyes.

It wasn't in his code of conduct to make love to another man's wife. He would want the whole affair straightened out and neatly scheduled, no matter how much unhappiness it caused.

I wasn't so brave. I flinched from facing the fact that it meant a choice between Jeff and Steve. I couldn't even think about Steve without intolerable anguish. I loved him.

There was something in loving Steve that would hold me to him no matter what happened. I had given him so much of myself, and

he would always have that much to bind us together.

The night following that eventful day, Steve was home extra late. I was already in bed, and I pretended to be half asleep. I listened to the familiar sounds of water running in the bathroom. He moved about the room, undressing, yawning, talking in spasms. Then just before he went to sleep, he leaned over me in the darkness and I felt his kiss on my hair.

"You won't be very pleased, darling," he said softly, "but I've signed up to do the music for that new film. It's a week's work, all day and part of the evening as well, I expect."

He tried to sound casual, but I knew how elated he was. I could see the eagerness shining in his eyes. Apart from the money angle, it was a break into something new.

Every morning of that week he was at the studio we had to rise at seven. I would prepare a hurried breakfast, and by eight Steve had driven away. He returned late in the evenings, or sometimes even spent the night there. The first time he did this, he rang me at midnight.

"We'll be working later to-night. I think I shall put up down here. You won't mind, will you, darling?"

I gripped the telephone. "Please come back! Oh, no, I don't mean that. It's just being selfish, but I'll miss you so..."

His voice was unbelievably sympathetic. "Why don't you come down here? I'll book a room and arrange for you to have a look around the studios."

I glanced up and there was Jeff, flowers in his hand, just ascending the stairs. He paused, and, as he always did when he knew I was talking to Steve, that worried, half-embarrassed expression crossed his face. He turned to go, but I gestured to him to stay.

I told Steve, "No, I'm just being silly. I'll stay here and go to the pictures or something."

I replaced the receiver and leaned back, trembling a little. "Let's go dancing this evening," I said to Jeff.

Looking back, I shall never be sure if Steve guessed that I was in love with Jeff.

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There's

ILLUSTRATED
BY RON LASKIE



something about her

By MARION VALENSI

Suddenly there was a new light in Lissa's eyes, a new glow in her smile, and a happy lilt in her voice. Her mother was sure she knew the real reason, but mothers are not always right.



MARCY ADAMS felt wonderful. She didn't know when she had enjoyed an afternoon so much. The luncheon had been delicious and her cards had been good—although she really hadn't had her mind on the game. Now she was driving Edith Sears and Paula King home and she had something to tell them.

In all the years of hearing about Paula's Mary and Edith's Connie, she never had been able to say much about Lissa. Now it was her turn. She would mention the affair very lightly, amusedly, of course, but the girls would understand and be impressed. They might even be a little bit jealous and, honestly, Marcy didn't want that. It wouldn't matter so much about Edith, for her Connie was very popular.

But with Paula it was different. Paula was unhappy about Mary's marriage—every time she went out to see Mary she came home almost sick with worry. No, she didn't want to hurt Paula. But if she were in Paula's place, Marcy knew, she would do something about the situation. Her small, gloved hands gripped the wheel even more firmly.

Edith was saying, "I wonder how Fran did that lobster?"

"It certainly was wonderful, wasn't it?" Paula agreed. "Fran always has the best luck with her cooking."

"It was a good afternoon all round," Marcy said.

"That's because you had good cards—and that new dress. I've never seen you looking better."

Marcy flashed them a smile, a rather sheepish smile of admission. After all, she had known Edith and Paula for years and years. They all had begun married life in the old Haddon Hall apartments on Walton Street. They had been brides together, wrestling with budgets and babies and formulas. Often, driving home past

the old but still respectable neighborhood where they all had started, Marcy had to suppress an almost physical shiver of horror.

How had she stood it? How had she lived through those meagre, harassed years? Well, she had gone to skin and bones. She remembered how ill Edith had looked in the months before Connie was born, and the morning Paula had broken down and cried that she hated Bob and poverty and cooking and babies—that she hated it all.

Now Paula was saying smoothly, "But we always have fun at bridge club. There's so much news to catch up on every time."

"Yes, that's true," Marcy said. But she knew that it hadn't always been true for her. How often she had smiled brightly over a luncheon or bridge table while Paula talked of Mary's popularity; while Edith told them all that Connie hadn't come in until after three from the club dance; while the other women flaunted their children's triumphs, their cleverness, and their conquests before her face.

Yes, how often she had smiled brightly while she searched her mind for the slightest crumb of evidence that her own little Lissa had known a few triumphs. And how seldom had she been able to say more than "I had a lovely letter from Lissa. She's enjoying her school immensely. Her room-mate is having her home for the week-end."

She hadn't gone on to say that Lissa's class-mate was a little bookworm who wore thick glasses. One of the things Marcy never could understand about Lissa was her liking for strange people. Well, whoever said, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" never had had an unpopular child.

Paula interrupted her thoughts. "Drop me first, Marcy," she said. "Bob and I are going out to the Millers' for dinner—and you know how far it is. We'll have to get an early start."

Marcy caught the cue she had been waiting for. She said, "Well, to-night I'm going to curl up with a sandwich and a book. Carl is away on a business trip and Lissa is going somewhere with Fenn Osborne." She waited, feeling suddenly tense.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" Edith said. "Have you been keeping this from us? Fenn Osborne, no less!"

Marcy laughed. "He's just taking her to a dinner or a show or something."

"But when did it start?" Paula asked. "I didn't know Lissa knew Fenn."

"She met him this summer. Lissa spent a lot of time with Dody Brush on their farm; she and Dody were school friends, you know. Fenn was up for a few week-ends. The Brushes and the Osbornes are friends."

"But Lissa has always seemed so—well—different from girls like Dody!"

Marcy tried to laugh. She knew Paula was not deliberately trying to hurt her.

"Yes, I know," she said. "Lissa's always seemed so indifferent to boys." But in her own mind she felt a bit desperate. Was it indifference? The trouble was that for nineteen years she had been trying to reach Lissa, to understand her. But Lissa had always held her off. And why hadn't she attracted boys?

She was pretty with an ethereal beauty that nearly always appealed to men. But Lissa simply didn't try. She never bothered to put her best foot forward. Even now, with this chance, she might suddenly say, "Sorry, Mother. He's nice, but he bores me."

Edith was saying, "Well, still water, you know! These quiet little things often bag the biggest prize."

"She would make a lovely bride," Paula said. "Fragile, innocent-looking little blondes are always gorgeous."

"Stop it," Marcy cried. "I wish I hadn't said a word. For goodness' sake, don't mention anything."

"Oh, sure," Paula said in a graver voice. "But we can have a little bit of fun among ourselves. We're old friends. And it wouldn't surprise me if it came off. You know, Marcy, Lissa has something—a kind of shining inner light. I always feel it. Lissa and my Mary are a lot alike."

WITH complete honesty, Marcy said, "Well, Lissa is my child and she's a darling, but we all know she hasn't been too popular. She's never seemed to care. She'd rather—" Marcy hesitated as she pulled up in front of Paula's house.

Paula laughed and finished for her. "Lissa would rather go quietly along her way until a Fenn Osborne shows up. She's still her mother's daughter."

Marcy made a little face at her and grinned. "You overrate me."

"She does not," Edith said. "You're smart, Marcy, and your hand is still clever and firm on the wheel. I'll bet Lissa doesn't brush off Fenn Osborne. I'll get out here, too, Marcy—I need a walk and our street is torn up."

"Well, I have loads of time," Marcy said, but Edith was already out. Edith just wanted a chance to talk to Paula alone. Not unkindly, not cattily, just curiously, conjecturing the possibility. She said, "Well, bye then. Be seeing you at the club Saturday night." She shifted into gear and drove swiftly down the road. The speed of the car kept pace with the beating of her heart.

Marcy thought of Paula saying that Lissa would make a lovely bride. She let herself see the beautiful altar, the candles, the lilies. And Lissa in white satin, tulle, and pearls. No grandmother's pearls or wedding dress—

Lissa's grandmothers had been content with modest weddings in good silk dresses. Marcy's own wedding dress had been a blue suit for travelling, and the money her father might have spent on the wedding went to help Carl furnish the apartment; it had seemed more sensible.

Well, Lissa wouldn't have to be sensible. Lissa's dress could be handed down to children and grandchildren. Marcy's dream grew. She saw the society page of the morning paper: "The Fenn Osbornes (Lissa Adams) bicycling in Bermuda." Then suddenly she told herself not to be a fool. After all, the child had merely gone out with the boy a few times.

Marcy turned into the drive toward the wide white brick house set back on the tree-shaded lawn. It was the house she and Carl had struggled for, quarrelled over, occasionally regretted, and now enjoyed. And it was thanks to her efforts.

There had been times when the going was rough, that Carl had shouted, "Let's sell the darned thing. We're just trying to keep up with the Joneses. If we didn't have this white elephant we could afford a trip to the Coast, a new car." But Marcy had held firm, and now they were glad they could offer Lissa a proper home in which to entertain.

Marcy put the car away and entered through the side door into the wide pleasant hall with its lovely curving staircase that always gave her a sense of pleasure. It would be a sweet house for a wedding reception. She smiled and called upstairs, "Lissa? Lissa, are you home?"

"Yes, Mother," Lissa called back. "I'm dressing."

"Need any help?" Marcy asked.

"No, thanks, Mother. Be down in a jiffy."

Marcy smiled. The happy lilt in Lissa's voice was something she had long waited to hear. It was a good sound. Marcy thought of the many, many times she had heard Lissa's voice flat and dispirited; the many times her heart had ached, had been gripped by a kind of dark anguish as she imagined how Lissa must feel when other girls were dancing and enjoying themselves. At least Marcy knew how much she cared.

Now out of a clear sky Lissa's voice held a happy sureness. It was almost a song. Why, even if nothing came of it, Marcy felt a deep gratitude to Fenn Osborne, the fair prince who had awakened Lissa.

The telephone rang, and Marcy went into the library to answer it. It was Carl.

"Hello, darling," he said. "Missing me?"

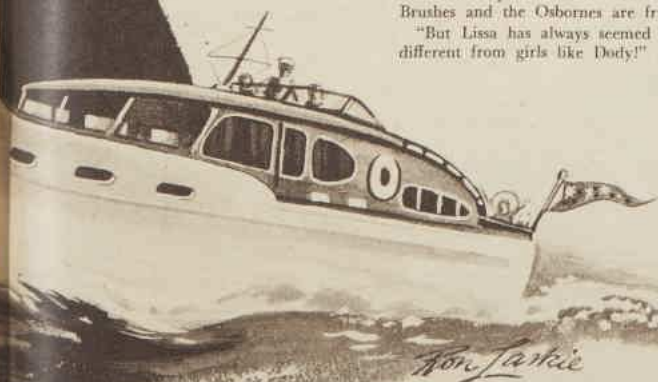
"Of course," Marcy laughed. "You know I always do. Besides, to-night I really am all alone. Lissa's going out again with Fenn Osborne."

"That so?" Carl said. "Where?"

"I don't know—dinner somewhere."

"Don't you think you ought to ask?"

Please turn to page 41



The Spanish Gardener

By A. J. CRONIN



Nicholas was happy with this youth, Brande brooded, watching them through the window.

THE overnight journey from Paris had been unusually wearisome. An exasperating delay at the junction of Port Bou, on the Spanish frontier, had made them forty minutes late, and, because of a dilatory porter, they had missed the forenoon connection at Barcelona.

Now, towards five o'clock in the afternoon, as they bounced and rattled to their destination on the light railway of the Costa Brava, they were tired and travel-stained. The shortcomings of men, or of machines, always irked the Consul and his mood was not propitious.

Seated erect in his corner he frowned with concern at his son, who, bundled up on the wooden seat opposite in the long, littered coach, had been stealing glances of affectionate timidity towards him.

And for the third time in the past hour he inquired, "You are all right, Nicholas?"

"Quite all right, Father."

The curvetting engine, in final indignity, threw them round a curve, and, with a shrill whistle, drew into the deserted station of San Jorge. Leaving the rug and the two valises, the Consul took Nicholas' hand and stepped to the platform, a deserted strip inch-deep in red dust.

At first, with a darkening of his brow, he thought they had not been met; then his eye cleared. A young man in a neat linen suit rather shrunk by washing, a bow tie, and yellow straw hat stood at the entrance beside a grey automobile with a miniature American flag on the radiator cap, and, at the sight

of the two passengers, hurried nervously forward, followed by the driver.

"Mr. Harrington Brande? Very happy to see you, sir. We missed you on the morning train. I'm Alvin Decker, from the office." He turned to the chauffeur, a dark, thickly built Spaniard. "Will you get the luggage, please, Garcia?"

The open car, Brande noted with some alleviation of his irritation, was well polished, with freshly laundered white covers on the upholstery. While the bags were being brought he stood aside, a tall, heavy figure, with a slight, distinguished stoop, his long sallow face wearing that air of non-committal dignity which he reserved for his subordinates.

"I do hope you'll be comfortable at the residence, sir," Alvin was saying. "Mr. Tenney took his servants with him. But I've done my best to engage a good couple. Garcia, the chauffeur-butler—he lowered his voice—"has exceptional testimonials . . . and M. Gdalena, his wife, is an excellent cook."

Harrington Brande inclined his head. "Are we ready?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," Alvin exclaimed rather breathlessly.

They got into the car. As they drove off, the new Consul let his gaze roam over the town, still clapping protectively, under cover of the rug, the thin damp fingers of his son.

It was not, perhaps, he reflected, with a gleam of hope, so detestable a place as he had feared. The air was pure; the curving waterfront along which they glided had a fringe

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of clean sand; and between the electric-light standards the esplanade was planted, though somewhat raggedly, with flowering acacias.

In the Plaza a fountain played among the scarlet blossoms of poinciana shrubs, an antique bus discharged its passengers, a pleasant sense of life prevailed. Across from the inevitable pink stucco church, its central belfry set with colored tiles and surmounted by a tarnished cross, there were one or two moderate shops and a cafe; and further down the Calle, beside the harbor, a solid commercial block in which, Decker now murmured, was situated the office of the Consulate.

But no . . . near at hand, he could not but observe that the docks, upon which his work must largely centre, bore a listless and dejected aspect. He guessed that nothing much would stir there but a sluggish trade in hides, fertiliser, cork bark, olive oil, and Tarragona vinegar.

Only two fishing scows lay at the jetty, and a rusted coastal steamer from which, aided by three donkeys and a primitive pulley, some sailors were languidly discharging barrels. And again the old wave of bitterness swept over him, fixing his expression with a kind of brooding heaviness.

Why, oh why, at the age of forty-five, after fifteen years of sedulous devotion to duty in Europe, was he sent to such a dead end—a man of his talent and personality, who had long ago earned the right, if only through seniority, to one of the high positions of the service, in Paris, Rome, or London?

After these past eighteen months, bogged amid the Normandy marshes at Arville, he had hoped that his next move would bring him his due reward. And then . . . San Jorge . . . worse still, the realisation that Tenney, his predecessor here, and his junior by three years, had been promoted first Consul under Leighton Bailey at Madrid.

"Look, Father, isn't that pretty?" They had left the town, had climbed a steep winding sandy lane between rows of silvery eucalyptus trees, and Nicholas, aroused and interested, was pointing shyly to the view now visible from the summit.

A great sweep of Mediterranean sea lay beneath, with a slender light-house creamed by white surf upon the rocky promontory of the bay. Further to the north tremendous mountains unveiled their outlines dimly through the blue haze.

The air had a fresh tang of salt and aromatic herbs. And just ahead, on the edge of a barranco smothered in pearly cistus petals almost screened from the lane by a high mimosa hedge, stood a rambling, red-tiled villa with the name Casa Breza in faded letters upon the pillared entrance.

"You like it?" Alvin Decker turned towards the boy, and from his tone, expectant and a little anxious, Nicholas became aware that this was his new home. He had known many changes in his eleven years, and so had lost something of his capacity to be surprised. Yet this strange old house, with its deserted air and magnificent seclusion, gave promise of unusual attractions.

The Consul seemed of similar opinion, for as they ran with a crunching of wheels into the gravel driveway and got out of the car, his sharp appraising glance was gradually mellowed by approval.

Built of the local yellow sandstone, faded now to a delicate amber, the villa was in Moorish style, with a spacious arched portico, and a flat, overhanging roof tiled in a shade of weathered cinnamon. The upstairs windows opened upon a wide balcony, profusely overgrown with wisteria and tangled vines, with lilac and the flaming shoots of biscutella.

To the left a cobbled yard, green with moss, gave access to the stables and other outbuildings. The garden lay beyond.

"It's old, of course," Alvin remarked, excusingly, watching his chief's face. "And a little out of repair. Also there's no electricity, only gas. But Mr. Tenney always felt he was lucky to have it. There are really no proper living quarters near the office, and we have a long lease here . . . furnished . . ."

"Yes," said the Consul shortly.

Bracing his shoulders, he strode up the shallow steps of the portico towards the open doorway, where a stout middle-aged woman in a respectable black dress, whom Decker introduced as Magdalena, stood waiting to receive them with a smile.

Inside, the tessellated hall was cool and lofty, the dining-room on one hand, the salon, with double doors, upon the other, both apartments furnished in rococo style.

A wide staircase in dark walnut spiralled upwards from the rear and, despite his fatigue, the Consul, as one who knew his duty and his rights, ascended heavily, to make an inspection of the upper rooms.

There were many more than he and his son, and perhaps an occasional guest, could utilise, but this was not displeasing to a man whose tastes were cast in a large and superior mould. He liked the sense of space, the inlaid chests and credenzas, the tapestried gilt chairs, tasselled bellpulls, and faded velvet curtains.

Even the slightly musty odor which pervaded the long corridors fell agreeably upon his nostrils.

Please turn to page 46

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Love, to Harrington Brande, meant absolute possession. So he was determined to keep his young son's affection for himself alone.

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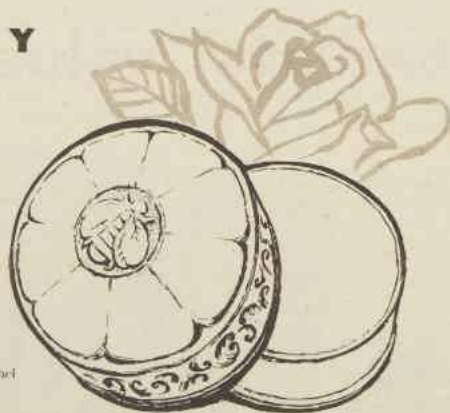
English Peach, Cameo, Pink Pearl

Creamy tones

Honey Glow, Champagne, Golden Rachel

Warm tones

Copper Gold, Rose Tan, Gipsy



YARDLEY · LONDON · NEW YORK · PARIS · TORONTO · SYDNEY

Wild Bronco Don is mild

He's savage
only when
he's hit

Most sensational fighter seen in Sydney for many years, Wild Bronco Don Johnson is fighting for two women.

They are his wife, Sheila, and 12-months-old daughter, Dorothy, who are waiting at home for him on the Atherton Tablelands, northern Queensland.

HE hopes to make enough money from professional fighting to give them a good start in life.

Johnson, who was Amateur Champion of Australia in 1949, has shaken the boxing world by scoring seven sensational knockouts in his first seven professional fights.

Newspaper boxing writers and radio commentators have predicted that he may have a great future in the fight game.

The general opinion among them seems to be that Johnson, who is quite untrained, needs a lot more polish to take him to the top of the tree.

Wild Bronco Don has brought color to drab boxing bouts.

His black satin dressing-gown, embroidered with a golden bucking bronco with himself in the saddle, his cowboy clothes, and his wildness in the ring have attracted many fans, especially among women.

Many of his women fans are radio listeners. Hundreds of them write to him for autographed photographs.

Stepping gingerly between the prancing pugilists and sweating athletes at Ernie McQuillan's gymnasium in Newtown, Sydney, I bearded Mr. Johnson in his den.

Instead of the fearsome fellow I had imagined from all the descriptions of this wild buckjump rider, horse-breaker, and crocodile shooter, I found him a slight (he weighs just over 11 stone), mild-looking chap, working very hard punching a bag.

He had been having his non-stop two-hour workout and was dripping with sweat.

When I asked him to sit down and tell me about himself, he flashed me a charming smile and said, as he went on punching:

"Can't stop now, must keep moving. If I stop still I'm likely to catch a chill."

So I waited while he had what he called his "drip out"—cooled down and changed into his "going out" clothes.

Wild Bronco Don emerged from the dressing-room wearing a smart black twill cowboy suit trimmed



COWBOY ON THE RAILS
Wild Bronco Don Johnson squats on a railing fence to display the black cowboy suit he wears when not performing in the ring.

with silver, black high-heeled boots, and a soft brown Stetson.

When I asked him if he played a guitar he replied:

"No, ma'am, I'm no hill-billy. I'm a real cow-puncher."

"At eight I was helping my Dad drag in timber, and at fourteen I was driving my own bullock team."

"Out in the country we are brought up tough. I think that's why I have so much stamina. Never have a rest, work from dawn until well after sundown. No holidays or week-ends off. That's the life I have led."

By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

Johnson, who won £600 in a fortnight recently, told me he left his young family at home with his father.

"I turned professional because I thought there'd be more money in boxing than horse-breaking," he said.

"The city is no place for a young family. I go up to see them every chance I get."

"See, here is a picture of young Dorothy on a horse. She's only twelve months, but we are starting her young."

I told Don I was disappointed to find he was slim and good looking, with long side burns and no cauliflower ear or broken nose.

"I have a cauliflower ear coming up," he said, indicating his right ear. "I'm not proud of it either. My wife doesn't like it."

"She doesn't like me looking too tough."

Don said he was not really as wild as folk tried to make out.

"I'm a mild citizen, shy and quiet-living," he told me



BABY IN THE SADDLE
Wild Bronco Don always carries this snapshot of his 12-months-old daughter Dorothy.

"It's when someone hits me I lose my temper and get mad as... well, terribly mad."

"Can't stand being hit, never could. My two big brothers used to box with me when I was a kid, and whenever they hit me I went berserk."

Don said that, confidentially, he was as surprised as anyone at his success.

"When I started making good at amateur boxing in Queensland I never thought I'd come this far."

"Everyone out where I come from—Malanda, on the Atherton Tablelands—learns how to defend himself with his fists at an early age. It's just natural."

At 17 he won the Buckjumping Championship of North Queensland. Later he formed his own Wild West Show and toured the State.

Don doesn't like Sydney.

"There are too many buildings and it is too crowded," he said. "I get sick of company. I yearn for the open spaces."

Don said he did not like being too civilised. "I guess I don't like shaving much, but in the city I have to shave at least twice a week. That's more than we do at home."

Don said he often went into the city in his cowboy rigout and quite a few people turned round and stared.

"But most of them know who I am and don't laugh," he added. "I guess they think I might lay 'em cold."

Mink is still high fashion in London

Fur collections for spring feature superb designs

By BETTY KEEP, our fashion adviser, who has just returned from a six months' tour of England and the Continent.

The London fur collections for spring, 1951, are really fabulous. The designer has excelled himself as never before.

Highest fashion now, as always, is mink.

RECENTLY in London I viewed the latest fur collections and interviewed a well-known personality in the trade, Calman Links.

The firm of Calman Links is in Cavendish Square. It was founded in 1891, and is under Royal patronage.

Mr. Links made the mink and beaver coats which were among Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents. He has since continued to design furs for the Princess.

Mr. Links told me his firm was connected with Pierre Balmain, the famous Paris couturier. The salon in Paris trades under the name Calman Links Chez Balmain.

Astonishing to the average woman is the fact that the Parisian salon has a special department devoted exclusively to mink. However, Mr. Links assured me London is unquestionably the centre of the world's fur trade.

Mink had outsold all other types of skins during the past two years.

Mink is difficult to describe, although its fine quality and supple texture make it unmistakable.

In subtle pastel gradations of brown, its elegance is unquestionable.

The mink is a small animal, 18 inches long, with a nine-inch tail.

The demand for its pelt is so enormous that the fur trade no longer relies on trappers to catch the wild animals. They are now bred in captivity in North America.

Breeders continually experiment in breeding new colors.

Although trapped mink is considered more exclusive, bred mink is dearer when the breeder achieves a rare shade.

There seems to be no limit to price. A mink coat might cost £2000 or it may cost thousands more.

Wild mink is lighter in color than ranch or bred mink.

Ranch mink is very dark brown in the centre, with slightly lighter sides to each skin.

For the woman who wants a color between ranch and wild there is the "half-blood." This is lighter in color than ranch and is the result of the mating of dark ranch mink and a silver-blue mink.

The mutation minks (colored) are the result of advanced breeding technique. Under this heading come some really beautiful and subtle shades.

A color called royal pastel (even lighter than wild mink) is pale and



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret attend a London theatre. Princess Elizabeth is wearing a platinum fox stole made by Calman Links from skins given by the Government of Prince Edward Island.

DRESS SENSE

• Betty Keep's fashion advice to readers will reappear in *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Send your queries to her at *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

and are ideal for wrapping over the current short evening dresses.

After a temporary eclipse the three-quarter coat is back again. The smartest in this group had a cardigan collar with rever following down to the hemline, and a large sleeve gathered into a tight, hardly visible cuff.

To bring a sober economical note into this luxury business, you may care to know that Mr. Links considers mink is the best value of all furs for those who are lucky enough to afford the initial outlay.

He said: "Mink is equally serviceable for day or evening, sports, or formal wear, and has a life of up to 20 years."

DYED ERMINE stole by Calman Links has four oyster shells converging to form a sleeve.

luscious, with a soft blue overshine on the blond background.

Aleutian is interesting and very new. The nearest color description is gunmetal.

Then there is a beautiful pure white mink. From a distance it looks like ermine, but it has a quality ermine could never reach.

The famous silver-blue mink is still high fashion. It is one of the few natural blue-grey luxury furs, now cheaper than it was when introduced.

Current high-styling in furs includes the big, beautiful, full-length coat. In this category a sunburst back is very chic and very luxurious. Then there is the loose casual, designed to be worn with everything from slacks to a gala ball-gown.

In lesser furs, stoles look smart,



FULL-LENGTH wild Alaska mink coat with barrel sleeves is from Calman Links Chez Balmain.



SAMURAI STOLE in silver-blue mink, 10 feet long and a foot wide, was a feature of the Calman Links Chez Balmain spring collection presented simultaneously in London and Paris. At left and centre are front and back views of the stole worn crossed at the back. At right, it is wound around the arms to give the effect of huge sleeves.



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Problem solvers help to heal the sick

Hospital almoners serve humanity

By PATRICIA ROLFE, staff reporter

No brilliant surgery can stop a sick woman worrying about her family and no miracle drug can solve a housing problem.

They are two of the jobs the hospital almoner has to tackle.

THE almoner is a kind of liaison officer between hospital and patient, who has to try to ensure that medical treatment does not become ineffective because of private problems and worries.

Australia is extremely short of almoners at a time when increasing population, housing shortages, and lack of domestic help make the need for them more urgent.

The almoner (in America they are called medical social workers) works within the hospital and wears the conventional white overall.

Her office, generally close to the outpatients' department, may have the antiseptic air that generally clings to hospitals, but the almoner herself is warm and friendly.

Her dealings are not only with people in poorer circumstances, but with patients of all ages, financial circumstances, and medical background.

The ethics of the profession do not permit names of patients to be disclosed, but the people described here and their problems are real.

Let us take a typical day in



EXPECTANT MOTHER, Mrs. Sylvia McClure, waits with three of her eight children, Paul, Pat, and Jeannette, while Jean Louff, as almoner at Crown St. Hospital, Sydney, arranges accommodation for the children during their mother's stay in hospital.

the almoner's department of a big hospital which has both children's and maternity blocks.

The almoner and her assistants, if she is lucky enough to have any, begin the day at a desk.

In the midst of the morning's work the almoner's department has a visit from a man of 50.

He has been in their care on and off for 12 years.

In 1939 this man contracted polio and was discharged from hospital after one leg was amputated and the other permanently stiffened.

The almoner spent some months looking for a factory where he could be employed. She persuaded the employer, when she at last found one, to build a ramp so that the man would not have to negotiate steps in his wheel-chair.

Next problem was accommodation. Eventually the

almoner found a boarding-house without steps at the front entrance and secured a ground-floor room for her patient.

The polio sufferer is still working happily at the same job, but he sometimes calls in to the almoner's department just to see them.

An almoner's work with children is often done through the parents, but if the child is old enough he is dealt with directly.

Ensuring that treatment is carried out, making provision for schooling, and investigating home conditions to make certain they will not hinder a child's recovery are important phases of the almoner's work.

Late in the afternoon a call comes for the almoner from the maternity block.

A woman has arrived from a country town 100 miles away. She is sick and expecting to be confined almost immediately.

She has three children with her, under the age of seven.

The almoner first finds accommodation for the whole family for the night.

The next morning the mother is admitted to hospital and the children are sent to a children's home.

The new baby is given a layette, which the almoner has obtained from a charitable organisation.

The almoner's department works in closely with charitable organisations and homes and Government agencies.

An important part of an almoner's work is preparing patients mentally for operation or treatment.

A woman who was diagnosed as having an early operable cancer refused to come to hospital because her "husband wouldn't let her."

Eventually the almoner visited the patient's home expecting to be confronted by an overbearing, aggressive man.

The husband turned out to be a kind, inoffensive man whose only wish was for his wife to get well.

She had used him as a shield to hide her own fear of an operation.

You do not have to be young to become an almoner.

The older woman or the married woman with a grown-up family is better equipped by experience to handle human problems than a young girl.

There are also openings for male almoners, particularly in repatriation hospitals.

Three-year courses are available in Sydney and Melbourne.

Minimum age for training is 19 years in Melbourne and 20 in Sydney and Adelaide.

In common with medicine and nursing, the profession of almoner will appeal most strongly to those whose chief desire is to serve humanity.

It is wide open to girls who want their career to be richly rewarding rather than those who are looking for rich rewards.



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FRIENDLY CHAT between Mrs. Margaret Helsham (left), almoner at the Children's Hospital, Camperdown, and Mrs. M. Devulder about the progress of Mrs. Devulder's son Alex (10).



ALMONER'S WORK sometimes extends into the home. Joan Cleary, of North Shore Hospital, visits patient Joseph Tysoe after his discharge.



TAREE

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PARKAY

Women who know the importance of detail will welcome the new Bedggood range of winter welts. These shoes are distinguished by leather heels—the hallmark of quality, durability, comfort. And this season, more than ever, leather heels whether high, medium or low, will be a symbol of good dressing. Look for these new welts, craftsman-made in the Bedggood tradition, with built-in Archlock support . . . available, of course, in multiple fittings.



ROMER



Lord Hopetoun is bread-and-butter earl

Grandson of first Gov.-Gen. is here on business visit

The 39-year-old Earl of Hopetoun, grandson of Australia's first Governor-General, is in Australia on a seven weeks' business trip on behalf of the insurance firm of which he is a director.

Lord Hopetoun is a six-foot-three nobleman, mid-20th century style.

FRIENDLY, with a strong Scots face and a mode of speech so natural that by comparison it makes a "cultivated" Australian voice sound affected, he refers to himself as "a plain bread-and-butter earl."

"We've always kept up the family connection with Australia," Lord Hopetoun said. "I have an uncle named Charles Melbourne Hope, and my father came out here in 1911 on his honeymoon."

"All the illuminated addresses and photographs collected by my grandfather during his term as Governor-General are still hanging on the stairs at Hopetoun House and are a fascinating part of every Hope's childhood."

At the top of Lord Hopetoun's Australian visiting list is an old lady in her 80's, who lives with her sister at Wolongong, N.S.W.

"She's my old nanny, Bertha Tanablin," Lord Hopetoun said. "I haven't seen her for twenty years and can't help wondering what she'll say when she sees me walk in the door."

Lord Hopetoun is broad-shouldered, with the walk and

bearing of an outdoor man, and sandy hair showing the first signs of grey. Put him in a broad-brimmed hat, and he would pass as any Australian station owner.

The crack in the globe surmounting his family coat-of-arms illustrates the motto: "At spes non fracta."

"It means," Lord Hopetoun said cheerfully and with fine disregard for literal translation, "that nothing can get the Hopes down. In other words, 'But hope is not broken.'"

As well as allowing nothing to get them down, the Hopes can take a joke.

"A favorite story in our family," Lord Hopetoun said, "is about the christening of one of the Hope children."

"The church gallery reserved for the family was packed, when the parson announced as the text of his sermon, 'This world is full of blasted hopes.'"

Lord Hopetoun will eventually succeed his father, the Marquess of Linlithgow, and will take his seat in the House of Lords.

Asked if he would then live at the Linlithgow ancestral home, Hopetoun House, West Lothian, Scotland, he said, "At this stage it's impossible to say."

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

"But at least we still have it," he added with an unmistakable fighting glint in his eye.

When Lord Hopetoun left Oxford with a B.A. degree in 1936, he joined a firm of chartered accountants. During the war as a captain in the Lothian and Border Yeomanry he was a P.O.W. in Germany for five years.

Lord and Lady Hopetoun have two children: Sarah-Jane, who was born while Lord Hopetoun was a P.O.W. (he did not see her until she was five), and his heir, Adrian, who is four.

"There are so many courtesy titles in our family," Lord Hopetoun said, "that it is just about hopeless for anyone to try to get them sorted out. I wouldn't bother about it if I were you."

"I use one of my father's titles, Earl of Hopetoun, and Adrian uses another, Viscount Athlone."

As the interview drew towards an end he looked genuinely distressed and said sincerely, "I'm sorry I can't be more interesting and tell you I have some rare or distinguished collection. But I've absolutely no magpie instinct."

"Shooting's my favorite sport, and apart from that I play a lot of golf—very badly. In fact, I'm a putrid golfer—handicap a bad 14."

"My taste in reading is quite ordinary, too. Peter Cheyney, politics, agriculture, and biographies."

All of which adds up to as faithful a picture as you could wish of a man who must surely be Britain's nicest bread-and-butter earl.



LORD HOPE-TOUN and his fair, graceful wife, who are now in Australia, live in a small farmhouse in Surrey. Lord Hopetoun, when home, goes to London by train each day to business.

HE HELPS BLACKOUT ENGLAND

Australian has high post with British electricity board

By KAY MELAUN, staff reporter

One of the men who have to turn out the lights on the British housewife is Australian engineer Robert Brown.

NOW only 41, he is £5000 - a - year deputy chairman of one of the State boards which distribute electricity throughout England.

"Whenever there's a blackout where I live I'm sure of one telephone call. It will be my mother-in-law telling me her lights have gone off again," he said.

Mr. Brown is visiting Australia to see his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Brown, of Double Bay, N.S.W.

He told me that after 20 years in England English people still feel he's "not English" and usually put him down as an American or Canadian.

Despite his clear Cambridge accent, another Australian would have little difficulty in placing him, if only by his great height, craggy shoulders, and informal good manners.

He comes from Dubbo, in

the central west of New South Wales.

"One of my earliest recollections is of Ross and Keith Smith landing on the Dubbo racecourse round about 1919," he said.

After attending The King's School, Robert Brown went to Sydney University for his B.Sc. and most of his engineering degree, then to Cambridge for his B.A. of mechanical science.

"The depression was on, and wool was 1/1lb," he told me. "I had to make sure I got through my exams, so there was neither occasion nor money for good times."

"I took a small job I was offered with the English Electric Company, as much because I had no particular engineering connections in Australia as because I liked England and wanted the wider experience."

"That was 1935 — and I was just rather lucky."

"I eventually went into electricity supply, which was then part company-owned, part municipality-owned."

"After four years in the Army I came back as managing director of one rather large company, the Wessex Electricity Company. Then when the Nationalisation Act turned all these companies over to State Boards—14 of them in England—I became Deputy Chairman of one of them."

Mr. Brown dismissed his Army career as "rather dull."

After regimental training and Sandhurst, he was sent out in a tank regiment to Egypt. When the Army had got beyond Tripoli, he was posted back to England to design tanks, first to the School of Tank Technology, then to the Department of Tank Design.

"After two months of the D.T.D. I thought my services would be more valuable in the field," he said dryly. "I gave up my half-colonel's job and went back to the regiment as a captain."

"We landed at Normandy on D-Day plus one. On D-plus-eight I was taken prisoner," he added.

Released from prison camp at Brunswick, he returned to the English girl he had married in 1940, and to the baby daughter born in 1944.

Since the war Robert Brown has made his home near Newbury, 60 miles from London. There are now another daughter and a son in the family.

His English friends cannot understand his lack of enthusiasm for racing, which is fervently followed by the locals at Newbury course.

"They think it odd for an Australian to stick to golf and tennis," he said.

Mr. Brown told me that in England there are blackouts only on the darkest days of winter when the demand exceeds the supply. Primary cause is lack of generating machinery which is made in England but is exported to hard currency areas.

"Every district is on a roster for blackouts, and we publish lists warning people what day of the week their district can expect them," he said.

"For instance, my own home is on the Monday roster—the worst day of the week because the factories have to warm up after the week-end."

"If it is snowing or overcast on that Monday, my wife knows she can expect the power to go off at intervals."

"On the other hand, she knows that the rest of the week will be free from power interruptions, and so can plan accordingly."



AUSTRALIAN ENGINEER Robert Brown, home on a visit from England, will go to America to study electricity supply problems there.

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HAZEL



BUTCH



"You mind showin' more of your badge? I don't want people thinkin' I'm the detective."

It seems to me

THE imminence of the election provokes one firm resolution on my part—to stay away from home a good deal in the evenings, especially on Friday nights.

This is because I live 50 yards from and four floors above a favorite street corner meeting point.

I have nothing against the good old democratic habit of street corner meetings, but the amplifier has turned them into a weapon of assault which surely should be curbed.

What object is achieved when, as often in the past, two opponents use amplifiers simultaneously is beyond me. The battle of noise doubtless produces a sense of excitement in the two contestants, but it irritates thousands of citizens.

All round our way when the meetings start, hundreds of windows scream down in useless protest. Windows in the district appear to be universally squeaky, and their chorus is heard (being thrown up) when a diverting incident such as a midnight quarrel is in progress in the street below, or being hastily pulled down when the southerly hits the city in the small hours.

But never is their shriek so loud and cross as when the political meetings begin.

In a free country, you should be free to attend a political meeting when you like, not be dragged, willy nilly, per amplifier, into all those within earshot.

In the meantime, any inventor of a simple type of home rocket gun for firing tomatoes from rooftops should get a ready sale round the flat district I inhabit.

SOME fathers I know, taking their young to the Show in Sydney, were quite horrified to find that balloons aren't called balloons any more.

Instead, the man selling them was yelling, "Ere y'are, get yer plastic bubbles!"

The kids don't mind. They have grown up in a plastic age. In fact, I heard a small boy not long ago, playing with a kitten, remark to his mother, "Look, the cat has plastic claws."

THERE'S been some argument about the fairness of training television cameras on witnesses at an inquiry as has been done in the senate committee inquiry investigating crime in the United States.

An estimated audience of between 15 and 20 million people saw the proceedings on the days that gambler Frank Costello and former New York Mayor William O'Dwyer were witnesses. Television looks like making public inquiries really public—which could be all to the good.

As a result, however, many a meal went uncooked as housewives sat by their television sets all day.

I saw television briefly for the first time on that week-end I had in the States last month. Despite my first disappointment at its flickery quality, I found it mesmeric.

There was a female singing the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" with appropriate actions. I don't know who she was—she wasn't very attractive, and the restaurant din partly drowned out her voice—but I found myself giggling at her like a fascinated rabbit while my steak grew cold.

By



Dorothy Drann

AN Oxford professor, Professor A. L. Goodheart, announces that women are safer drivers than men.

He told a meeting of the Pedestrians' Association—of which he is president—that some American insurance companies give lower rates to women than men.

(Incidentally, how heartening to know that an Oxford professor interests himself in that oppressed class, pedestrians.)

The professor states that women drivers are more careful and that they don't suffer, like many men motorists, from the urge to show off.

He has something there. Women are by no means free of the urge to show off, but it doesn't attack the general run of them at the wheel of a car. Their natural desire for applause and appreciation relates largely to appearance and to quieter skills.

A woman can attract attention by wearing an eccentric hat, by some daring style of dress. You could argue, of course, that in so doing she may prove a road menace, but we are talking of women drivers, not of their effect on men.

Indeed, the whole train of thought suggests that gay and eccentric dress in men should be encouraged, not derided. Young motor cyclists might thus have their urge for speed channelled into safer forms of exhibitionism.

A MOVIE cameraman in Hollywood, Leo Tover, said that actresses look more beautiful before lunch than at any other time. "The minute a girl gets hungry, she gets extra beautiful," he said.

What a lovely piece of ammunition that is for the economical swain: "Darling, you look so charming it's a shame to spoil it by eating steak. What about a teeny weeny sandwich and a cuppa coffee?"

A LIPSTICK ornament which measures atomic radiation has been developed in America. "It is one of several gadgets invented to help people face the possibility of an atom bomb explosion stylishly," says a news report.

It huntin', shootin', fishin',
Or dinnin' out at night,
It's always reassuring
To know your clothes are right.
Decked out in a tuxedo
As suits the time and place,
A man may prove his credo
That all alarms he'll face
No matter how he's hashin'
The world and its affairs,
As long as, in the fashion,
He rates no carping staves.
What though annihilation
May be our fearful fate?
This frightened generation
From history should rate
Some praise in the assessing
Of havoc that we sowed.
"Though doomed, the people's dressing
Was strictly a la mode."

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This Orlex Compound only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."



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Australians in New York help Harold Blair

Aboriginal tenor shocked by American color bar

From LLOYD CLARKE, of our New York staff

The biggest thrill Australian aboriginal tenor Harold Blair has had since he arrived in the U.S. 18 months ago was the Australian Government's invitation to return home for the Jubilee music celebrations.

"I am more than proud and happy that Australia has asked me back for the Jubilee," he said. "But the gladdest part is that I will have the chance to see the girl I love again."

BLAIR married Miss Dorothy Eden, who was then a student at the Melba Conservatorium, Melbourne, in July, 1949, just before going to America to study under the sponsorship of famous negro baritone Todd Duncan.

Mrs. Blair could not accompany him because of financial difficulties.

Blair is due to arrive in Sydney by air on April 7. He will start his Jubilee tour of all the capital cities with a concert in the Sydney Town Hall on April 26.

During his tour he will sing with soprano Marjorie Lawrence, who "discovered" him.

Blair was loudly cheered at his only American concert in the New York Town Hall on March 18. He got most applause for two aboriginal folk airs, "Maranoa Lullaby" and "Nanala Kututja."

"Most people in America have been wonderfully kind to me," Blair told me when I interviewed him as he was packing to leave New York.

"But what is most to me has been the co-operation of Australians over here. I never realised Aussies would stick so close together and help one another—especially me."

The Australian community

in New York contributed £1000 to secure as Blair's accompanist James Quillian, one of America's foremost pianists, and Metropolitan opera star Robert Merrill as his associate artist.

After hearing Blair at a rehearsal for his concert, Merrill said:

"That guy really has a voice. I predict it won't be long before he is back with us perhaps in roles at the Metropolitan."

Since Blair arrived in the U.S. he has done little but work.

"Work, work, work" were the words Todd Duncan wrote on an autographed picture he gave Blair during his 1949 tour of Australia.

When Blair arrived in the U.S. he discovered that Duncan meant what he wrote.

Because of his limited funds Blair was a guest-student in the Duncan household at Washington until Todd came to New York for the starring role in "Lost in the Stars."

"In Washington I first learned there was such a thing as a color line," Blair told me. "I tried several times to get into theatres, only to find that I was barred because my skin was not white."

"I was shocked. Such a thing had never happened to me in Australia. Now I realise that it is part of the



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL TENOR Harold Blair with his teacher, Miss Sarah Lee, at a reception in New York given in his honor by Lieut.-General E. K. Smart, who is the Australian Consul-General in the U.S.

system here, where color prejudices are strong in many regions.

"It is part of the typical American scene, but it makes me realise that Australia is still the freest country in the world."

Blair recalls with delight the night he went to a Washington theatre from which Negroes were banned. The ticket seller refused to sell him a ticket because his skin was dark.

"I'm not American," said Blair in his crisp, perfect English.

Startled, the girl, apparently believing him to be a member of the United Nations Group or a diplomat, gave him a ticket for the sacrosanct Constitution Hall, where the Daughters of the American Revolution, its owners, enforce strict anti-Negro admission rules.

Once installed in his seat, Blair made himself known to his grey-haired neighbors.

"I chorled when they told me that I looked and sounded like an Englishman who had spent too much time in the Bermuda sunshine," he said.

Though Blair has worked so hard at training his voice, he has found fun, too.

A passion for automobiles which has led him into at least eight smash-ups along Queensland roads has taken him into every car showroom he could find in New York.

"That's one thing I have a passion for apart from singing—looking at cars and wishing I could buy them," he said.

Blair's musical training began with a small church choir near the Queensland reservation on which he was born, so it is not surprising that he should have gravitated towards a church in New York.

Todd Duncan, a profoundly religious man, gladly introduced the young "Aussie" to the Grace Congregational Church, Harlem, in which Duncan sometimes sang as a soloist.

The Negro congregation shrieked "Bless the Lord" when Blair made his first appearance as a soloist. Since then he has sung there every Sunday for a modest sum.

He won the attention of the Rev. Harold Buckminster, a young parson who was serving as an assistant minister.

Mr. Buckminster, son of wealthy parents, had just inherited a large income and a beautiful home in the fashionable Westchester County.

He invited Blair to be his companion.

In exchange for board and lodgings, Blair cooked, took care of the garden, and drove Buckminster's sleek Cadillac.

Said Blair: "Buckminster has been a wonderful friend. The pair of us have a home in which twenty people could live."

"His aid enabled me to keep going with lessons and tuition which otherwise I could not have afforded."

Blair has been a master mimic since the days when he was a reservation kid.

That ability has enabled him to learn to sing arias in six languages without a trace of imperfection.

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P.45.WW142

His wife waits to celebrate

HAROLD BLAIR will be welcomed back to Melbourne with a thick home-cooked steak and a party for 100 guests.

His wife, Dorothy, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Nellie Eden, of Camberwell, are planning the celebrations for him when he arrives there on April 11.

Mrs. Blair will go to Sydney to welcome her husband on his return from the U.S. on April 7.

She will have with her a "delayed trousseau" made for her by her mother.

Mrs. Blair was married at three weeks' notice 21 months ago, and did not have time then to collect her trousseau.

She has a job as a salesgirl at a Melbourne store.

She is studying singing under Madame Kathleen Wieland.

"But," said Mrs. Blair, "I

am far too self-conscious to sing for Harold."

Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd will give a late afternoon party at their home at Kew for Blair on April 18 to give him an opportunity to meet friends he will not be able to visit individually.

Mr. Lloyd is a Melbourne business man who took Blair into his home as a member of the family and acted as guide, philosopher, and friend during the three years he spent in Melbourne before going overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd are trying to arrange for Blair's mother, Mrs. Charlie Thompson, to go to Melbourne from Currumbin, Queensland, for the party and to hear her son's Melbourne recitals.

"Mrs. Thompson is an extremely fine woman," said Mr. Lloyd. "Harold idolises her. I hope that she will be able to make the trip."



MRS. DOROTHY BLAIR and her mother, Mrs. Nellie Eden, read a recent letter from Harold Blair in New York.



KEEN RACEGOERS Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Field made their usual visit to Sydney from their home, "Gordon Brook," Grafton, to see the running of the Sydney Cup on Easter Monday.



ATTRACTIVE TRIO Mrs. Robert Noss, Mrs. Bruce Minnell, and Mrs. Dick Ople were among the many women at Randwick who preferred to be cool in silk frocks rather than brave the heat in new but warm autumn outfits.



AMONG the few youthful racegoers on Easter Monday were Sue Playfair and Marcia Moses, both of whom were shanting.

Social Gittings



OLD SYDNEIANS' BALL. Joe Gillespie (left), Elaine Ryan, and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Biddulph were among the large crowd at the Trocadero when Sydney Grammar old boys held their dance.



JUBILEE AT HOME. Mrs. Percy Spender (second from left) with diplomat's wives Mrs. H. Bartholomew (left) and Mrs. J. N. Malcolm, and Miss Zeenat Haroon, sister of the High Commissioner for Pakistan, at At Home held by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Royal Empire Society.



CHOIR BOYS line up as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cecil Cooper leave St. Andrew's Cathedral with their attendants, from left: Michael Meredith, Barry Swain, Peter Cecil Cooper, Mrs. Roy Lushorne, Rhonda Radcliffe, and Joy Cecil Cooper. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gartery Penhall.

SYDNEY is still talking about the gay round of Easter festivities, the Show and the races, as well as parties and dances, enjoyed in good company—and good weather.

Young folk scarcely had time to pause between parties. Physiotherapist Anne Finlay deferred her twenty-first birthday celebration until Easter so that a number of country visitors could be present at the cocktail party she gave at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Finlay, of Marrickville. Guests from the Moree district included Anne's sister, Mrs. Wallace Munro, Sue Williams, and John and Doug Cooper.

SISTERS Betty and Robin Bunyan, of Woodlands Station, Holbrook, cousins of Peter McClure, and Robyn Pearson, of Coonamble, were among the 126 young guests who celebrated Peter's coming of age at the dance given by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. McClure, of Bellevue Hill, at the Pickwick Club. The guest of honor claimed to have all the prettiest girls in Sydney at his celebration. Among the bevy of beauties and the lucky young men who acquired them were Pam and Marilyn McCathie, Jan and Judy Crossing, Madeleine Archbutt, Lisa Roberts, Hugh Vallance, John Woodford, David Lloyd-Jones, Peter Spender, Angus Teece, and Bob Silverton.

MASSED November lilies and gladioli formed a pastel decor for the buffet dinner dance held for 150 Pickwick Club members—the first year that members have foregathered during Easter week. A floor show was enjoyed by the guests who were hostessed by twenty club members.

FIFTY yards of pink chantilly lace over nylon made the beautiful ball frock worn by fifth year medical student Dorothea Calderbank when her parents entertained at a dance at Hiawatha, Parramatta, to celebrate her coming of age.

WELL-KNOWN Melbourne hostess Mrs. Stella Stutt, of Kew, and son John stayed at Bondi during the Easter festivities. Mrs. Stutt's engagements included a party given by Miss M. Brennan, of Coonabarabran, at her Kurraha Point flat, at which Dr. and Mrs. Tom Bateman were also guests.

ILLUMINATION from wall gas brackets will enhance the old-world atmosphere of the University Great Hall when thirty undergraduate debutantes are presented to Sir Angus Gillan, British Council Representative for Australia, and Lady Gillan on April 13. Preceded by an academic procession, the debutantes, whose escorts will be gowned undergraduates, will be presented by Mrs. F. A. Bland, wife of Professor Bland, the President of the Sydney University Settlement Council. Elizabeth Hazlett, Suzanne Snelling, Amy Turner, and Elizabeth Evatt are some of the debutantes who have been busy with rehearsals over the past fortnight.

MELBOURNE couple Mr. and Mrs. Jim Forrest are honeymooning in Sydney. Attractive, blonde Mrs. Forrest, formerly Bebe Stephens, of Toorak, is one of Melbourne's promising young solicitors.

COUNTRY women have been travelling from all parts of the State, many of them long distances, to meet Jubilee visitor the Countess of Albemarle, who is Chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes of England, Wales, and the Channel Islands. Lady Albemarle visited Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, and Tasmania before she came to Sydney to meet representatives of more than one hundred women's organisations. She has been touring this State as the guest of the Country Women's Association with N.S.W. president Mrs. J. M. Gordon. A week-end at Camden as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cullen precluded her few hectic days in Sydney, which included the races, where she was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Northcott at Ingleton. Before leaving for Queensland, Lady Albemarle's strenuous itinerary listed visits to eight country towns, among them Orange, where she was entertained by Mrs. L. MacSmith.

WHITE ORGANZA made the attractive gown worn by Mrs. H. Patterson, of Vaucluse, when she danced with her husband at the Jubilee Red Cross Ball at the Trocadero.

SYDNEY mannequin Judy Barraclough, who has paraded before every member of the Royal Family, will include many superb suits by Paquin in her wardrobe when she sails in the Strathaird on April 26. Judy and her mother, Mrs. J. H. Handley, who will fly to Paris for a few days to say good-bye to their many Paris friends, among them designer Lou Clavery, are at present having a busy time collecting furnishings and clothes to bring back to Australia.

DELAY in the arrival of the French sloop Francis Garnier was responsible for the cancellation of a late afternoon reception which members of the 20th Century Group of the Overseas League had arranged for March 9. However, disappointment caused to members will be overcome when they entertain the captain and officers of the Canadian destroyer Ontario at their clubrooms on April 12. Members of the executive of the League will also hold a reception for the Ontario on April 9.

BACK in Brisbane from a holiday at her home at Bingara, N.S.W., Mary Graeme is making preparations for her wedding to Charles Bruxner, which will take place in Brisbane on April 17. The 70 guests will be entertained afterwards at Government House.

BRIEFLY: Elaborate preparations are already being made by the members of the ladies' committee of the Australian Wine Producers' Association of N.S.W., under the chairmanship of Mrs. A. Fiaschi, for Wine Week, which will be celebrated in Sydney this year from October 14. . . . A fourth son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brauer, of Pymble, at Roslyn Private Hospital, Lindfield. . . . Reception at the Pickwick on April 9 for officers of the Royal Pakistan Navy ships Shamsheer and Sind will be given by members of the Australia-Pakistan Association.

Anne



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Agree? If you're doubtful, just run over in your mind the events of the last 24 hours. We venture to say that somewhere, somehow, knowingly or unconsciously you've used a Dunlop product. It is only natural that our paths should cross, for in almost every field of industry, sport, transport and homelife, there is a Dunlop product for your use. Illustrated are 19 well known products from the Dunlop range of over 3000 items, giving an idea of the varied ways in which Dunlop touches our lives.

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BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

When Borley Rectory, Suffolk, "the most haunted house in England," was burned down in 1939, it was generally thought that its ghosts and poltergeists would be heard of no more.

AFTER the fire all that remained—the foundations, a well, a coach-house and stables—were bought by James Turner, who converted the coach-house and stables into living quarters and began a book.

The result is "My Life with Borley Rectory," a wildly improbable, slapstick piece of farce that will infuriate the serious student of hauntings and delight those who enjoy a maniacal literary gambol.

For the purposes of the story, Turner becomes a painter, and into the converted stables move himself, Prescott, his ancient housekeeper and childhood nurse, and a wild musician friend named Ryan.

Prescott is short of temper, teeth, and hair, wears her dead husband's boots on Sundays, and feeds her gentlemen with a seemingly endless supply of tea and pasties.

Ryan plays his piano, flies into towering rages, entertains his host with Irish stories, and drinks whisky.

With such a cast, low skies and falling snow, almost complete isolation from the outside world, and a deserted graveyard, it is no wonder things begin to happen almost from the moment they move in.

The famous Borley ghost-nun walks, trunks hurtle down stairs, china breaks itself on the kitchen floor, and wine bottles fly across the dining-room.

There is a search for the fabulous Borley treasure, underground passages are discovered beneath the graveyard, and Turner, who takes his whole story at dizzy, break-neck speed, even manages to introduce a love interest.

Turner is an extraordinarily uneven writer. His characters are hugely and wildly overdrawn. His descriptive passages possess great beauty. He clearly writes in a hurry, certainly never revises, and most likely enjoys himself as much as the readers.

To enjoy the full flavor of this frenzied leg-pull, to stout-hearted readers my advice is to read first that unmatched

MY LIFE WITH BORLEY RECTORY
by James Turner
THE TALKING TREE
by Paul Tabori

spine-chiller "The Most Haunted House in England," by Britain's foremost psychic researcher, the late Harry Price.

"My Life With Borley Rectory" is published by The Bodley Head, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

QUITE clearly this is a book review spook week. Paul Tabori, author of "The Talking Tree," was appointed literary executor to Harry Price two years ago, and has just published in London "Harry Price: The Biography of a Ghost Hunter."

Tabori frequently brings his name into "The Talking Tree," a novel about an unschooled Welsh boy who hears the voice of a tree.

Miss McFarintosh, a headmistress who in the holidays enjoys delving into the supernatural, is the first to discover Malgon Conan and his tree.

She brings Malgon and his tree to the notice of Gregory Hendricks, Director of the Occult Research Council.

A visit to Malgon's lonely Welsh home in the company of Norman Harrison, Deputy Controller of the Commonwealth Council for Culture, convinces Hendricks that the 17-year-old-boy may be a medium and he takes him to London under contract to the O.R.C. to carry out tests.

Before the first seance can be held, Malgon falls into the hands of Diana Vandeyce, a nymphomaniac, who is somewhat surprisingly a trustee of the C.C.C., of which her husband, Lord Vandeyce, is more suitably a member of the Appropriation Committee.

The book bristles with subplots. There is a libel action brought by Harrison against Lord Vandeyce; a love affair between Diana and the secretary of the C.C.C.; and the waning of Harrison's love for his managing wife and the blossoming of second love with his secretary, Kate Lovell.

"The Talking Tree" is published by Sampson Low, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.



BORLEY RECTORY COACH-HOUSE and stables bought by James Turner after the fire in 1939 and converted into a home. Rectory foundations in foreground.

Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 44, April 7, 1951

When mother is sick

A GENERATION ago, many families were provided with that most useful relative—a domesticated spinster aunt.

As supercargo in the households of her brothers or sisters or as housekeeper for a parent she was held in affection, generally speaking, though she was as popular a butt for stage jokes of the time as mothers-in-law.

But in times of sickness and emergency there she was, willing and competent to take over the running of a home.

Those aunts are a vanished race. Unattached spinsters or widows are now mostly business or professional women, expert workers in many fields, with their working hours fully occupied.

This is all to the good for the aunts of 1951, but it is not so good for mothers who are ill.

Government house-keeping services lag far behind the need.

The St. John Ambulance Association, in Sydney, is now training volunteers who will look after young children while their mother attends an outpatients' department, thus adding to their already fine record of community service.

This is a step in the right direction, but longer periods must be provided for.

National medical schemes will not be complete until hostel accommodation is made available for young children a day or so before their mother is admitted as a hospital patient.

This is another field in which hospital almoners could do valuable work. Many more of these specialist workers are needed under existing conditions as stressed in our article on page 15.

The Australian Women's Weekly

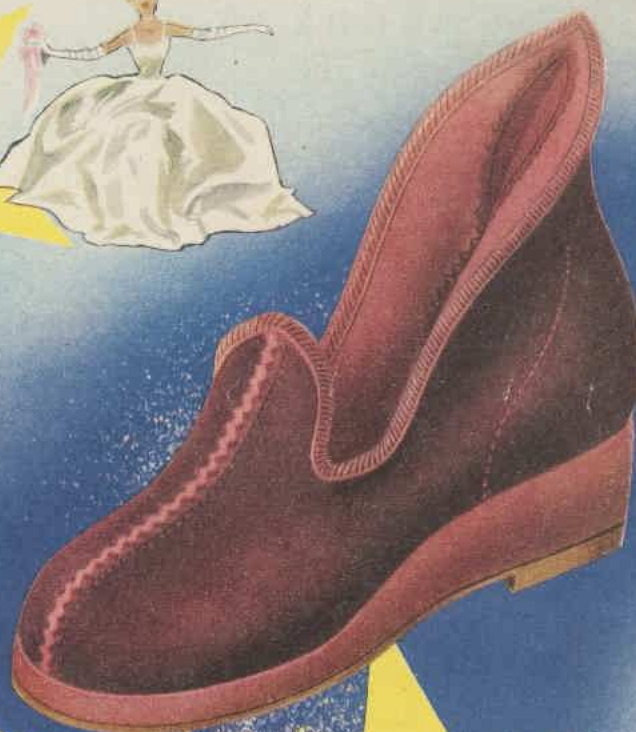
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debutante



Columbine



Juliet



more of those delightful
Footlights
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at your favourite shoe store

Debutante — Dainty, young and coy as its name-sake. Debutante comes in heart-warming contrast tones, with californian platform leather soles, and enchanting turnover. Royal-Saxe, Burgundy-Rose, Brown-Fawn, Dark Green-Light Green. Sizes 2 to 7. ($\frac{1}{2}$ sizes.)

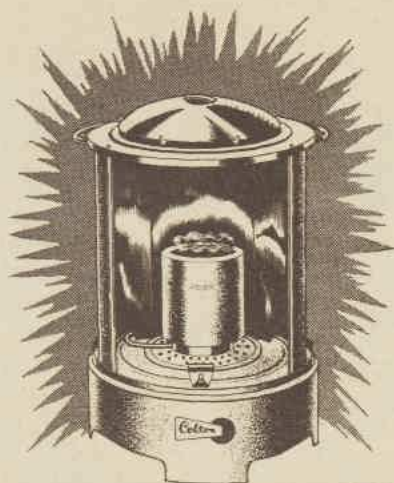
Juliet — The Pixie-look in a delightful new slipper that brings you service in style. Braided 2-tone felt uppers, high cut to gently hug your feet in warm comfort — and contrast-tone californian platform, soled with genuine leather. Choose from Royal-Saxe, Burgundy-Rose, Brown-Fawn, Dark Green-Light Green. Sizes 2 to 7. ($\frac{1}{2}$ sizes.)

Columbine — So light and comfortable, you'd love to dance in these. Smart, snug, pure-wool felt to cuddle your feet, solid leather underneath, and contrast-tone californian platform. Pert, uncrushable pom-pom adds the finishing touch. Royal-Saxe, Burgundy-Rose, Brown-Fawn, Dark Green-Light Green. Sizes 2 to 7. ($\frac{1}{2}$ sizes.)

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**WHEN YOU
ARE COURTING**

love leads you a dance,
When you get married you take a grim
chance,
"Take her for better or take her for worse,"
That is according to the chapter and verse.
If it's for better you swank and look glad,
If it's for worse your whole life will be
sad.
But there's no need, cough or cold to
endure—
Take Woods' Great Peppermint
Care.

Australians star in U.S.



SINGER Monica Moore displays the £50,000 jewellery she wore on her opening night at New York's Hotel Warwick.

High praise from N.Y. critics

An invasion by Australian talent has lined Broadway with a string of "down under" names that makes New York's Great White Way seem almost as familiar to visiting Aussies as Collins Street, Melbourne.

THE latest Australians to hit the "big-time" are the Maxwell Brothers.

They are appearing in Michael Todd's "Peep Show" on Broadway, replacing Australian ventriloquist Clifford Guest, who has moved to the Capitol Theatre to share top billing with stage and radio star Marilyn Maxwell.

Critics have called the Maxwell Brothers (Max Kitson, 26, of Port Pirie, South Australia, and Lou Sachse, 21, of Adelaide) "the funniest and most original act that Broadway has seen in years."

Their specialty is a dead-pan acrobatic act on skates in which they go out of their way to make the hardest acrobatic feats seem twice as hard by doing them wrongly.

"I really started out to be a South Australian Railways chef," Max Kitson said. "I've always been keen on keeping myself in good condition, so I joined the Adelaide Y.M.C.A. so that I could use their gymnasium facilities."

"From club-swinging I got interested in juggling, and took it up as a hobby."

"While I was at the gym, I ran into young Lou. He was only 17 then, but he got all fired up about juggling, too, so we started to build up an act."

"The pair of us went to see a charity ice show in Melbourne which struck us as being fairly flat. It seemed to us that it needed comedy."

"Neither of us had ever been on skates, but we found that skating came surprisingly easy. 'We were practicing a balancing act one day when Lou slipped down my back. He was scared and I was just plain startled, but some people who were watching us roared with laughter."

"That decided us. From there on we concentrated on dead-pan comedy in ridiculously short suits, and everyone seemed to agree that we really had something."



SKATING COMEDIANS Max Kitson (left) and Lou Sachse exhibit the dead-pan expressions which have made them famous on Broadway.

Neither of the boys had been abroad, and they decided to risk a trip to London.

They went to England with recommendations from Australian theatrical people and landed a booking with a small London ice show immediately.

After a three months' run the show moved to Paris, Rome, and back to London for a booking at the famous Palladium.

"We were at the Palladium when an American visitor came round to see us after the show," said Lou. "He told us that the Stevens Hotel in Chicago featured an ice show in its nightclub, and he asked us whether we would consider a booking there."

"We were both dying to see America, but the project was so much up in the air we didn't take it too seriously. A

From our New York office—

month or so later came an offer for a two weeks' engagement at the Stevens with our return expenses paid."

When their two weeks were up, they were signed on for another fortnight "in response to popular demand." They were just as popular at the end of 53 weeks' continuous appearances when Michael Todd saw them.

His "Peep Show" had had an eight months' run to packed houses on Broadway. Clifford Guest, who had signed on with "Peep Show" for six months, did not want to renew his contract, because of other commitments.

Todd did not hesitate. He immediately replaced Australian Clifford Guest with Australians Lou Sachse and Max Kitson.

Although Cliff has been on Broadway constantly for the past two years, his appearances still evoke critics' praise.

Recently he appeared as guest on the "Cavalcade of Stars" television show. Harriett Van Horne, the New York "World-Telegram" critic, wrote:

"The Australian ventriloquist Clifford Guest has to be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. His act is both original and clever. He relies almost entirely on vocal impression and sound illusion rather than a lot of stuffy routine gags."

A little farther up Broadway, the beautiful Adelaide singer Monica Moore is starred with her partner Cass Franklin in the plush Raleigh Room of the Warwick Hotel.

New York "Daily Mirror" columnist Lee Mortimer wrote of them:

"Monica and Cass are sensational technicians. Their song repertoire runs the gamut from special material through pops to light classics, and ends in one of the smoothest singing feats in New York."

Pat and Christine Fay, in a brother and sister act which heads a troupe known professionally as "The Four Fays," have top billing at the Palace, a movie theatre which recently returned to vaudeville.

Pat and Christine, who came originally from Surry Hills, Sydney, have been touring the United States and the Continent for 20 years, but still regard themselves as "dinky-di Aussies."

Right across the way from the Palace, Judith Anderson is responsible for "a memorable event in the theatre," where she is starring in the Greek tragedy "Clytemnestra."

John Brownlee is still one of the Metropolitan Opera Company's most popular and distinguished stars. Critics have been lavish in their praise of both his singing and his acting in the Met's newly staged performances of "The Flying Dutchman" and "The Magic Flute."

Don Sharpe, another Sydney-sider who has been in the United States since shortly before World War II, is having a hard time coping with producers' demands for his services as an actor in a wide variety of television shows.

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yourself this
morning?



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clean bushland fragrance.
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infection. Protex is the soap
for all the family.



PR1/141



Ice Follies

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! This isn't the way to skate himself into the hearts of beginners who are trying desperately to get their confidence.

• If you want to be a skater in good standing at the ice rink it's up to you to refrain from committing any of the ice follies shown here.



ICE has no chill like a skater scorned. Once they're on firm ground again, he'll be out in the cold. They wanted a helping hand, not an exhibition of skating.



GIGGLES AND SQUEALS will soon wear out her friends' patience. If she wants to learn to skate, she must try like they did, not just helplessly cling to the seat.



OVER-VENTURESOME. No one could tell her. Now she finds out the hard way that the rink centre isn't a comfortable place for learners.



NOTHING TO IT—if you can skate. It will be a long time before she again thinks of her show-off friend with feelings warmer than ice.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 7, 1951

they
stay
brighter
longer



AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England

Finney.

GOES TO AMERICA

• An exhibition of George Finney paintings will be held in a New York gallery soon.

FINEY will not travel with his paintings, but will stay behind at his home at Springwood in the Blue Mountains.

The exhibition of his work will consist of two dozen flower pieces, 90 heads of musicians, and 24 imaginative compositions, some of which are shown here with Finney's explanations of their meaning.

Finney, using his fingers more than a brush, painted these works, mostly in enamel, on cartridge paper and pressed wood.

Fellow artists and critics acknowledge Finney's skill, but differ on whether his work will endure as art.

Meanwhile Finney, certain that his novel approach is valid, throws his exuberant and imaginative person-

ality into his creative work, allowing only a minimum of time for bread-and-butter jobs.

He is a lecturer at the National Gallery, Sydney.

Finney, a New Zealander, began painting at the age of six. The first thing he remembers painting is the wall of his parents' sitting-room in Auckland.

He and his wife, Natalie, have six children.

Bruen, aged 27, lives at Barrenjoes (N.S.W.), working as a sculptor. David, 26, is a color photographer in Queensland.

Anne, 22, lives away from home, while Max, 16, is learning printing.

Most frequently at home are Mita, 20-year-old sculptress, violinist, and painter, and teenage schoolgirl Jill.



BIRD BOY is portrait of son Max with rooster. Because Max is fascinated by poultry, his father paints him with wattles for ears and a cock's comb instead of hair.

STURT'S DESERT PEA in dilly-bag patterned with aboriginal motifs (right). Finney coated frame with size, sprinkled gravel over it, then gave it a coat of white.



UNIVERSAL SYMPHONY. The hand of human effort conducts the thunder roll of the planets as if they were instruments in an orchestra. The ageing moon instrument is worn with repetition, but the show must go on, the score is written.



FIRE FIEND was devised from a burnt-out log. Here the fiend sits astride a mountain ridge, poking his fingers into the sun, and lighting the bush with them. The background shows mountains grey with ash and scarlet sparks whirling on with the wind.



LOW TIDE. Shellbacked merman fossicks for food among rocks and pools, capturing a starfish here, a limpet there, and tiny fish. After he has combed the rocks he will go back to his cavern hide-out on the isle of imagination.



GETTING DOWN TO IT. Finery places cartridge paper or pressed wood on floor, and paints direct from tins of enamel, using brushes or fingertips.

DECORATIVE BOWL filled with Australian wildflowers carries on the aboriginal theme. The bowl holds Christmas bells, flannel flowers, bottle brush, pods.



Remember Mother!

Evening in Paris

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BERLIOZ: Fiery spirit

● Hector Berlioz closely fits the romantic conception of a composer—a type which, fortunately for those who have to live with genius, is rare.

HE followed a 19th century tradition in music and literature whose adherents believed that the measure of your genius was the disorder of your private life.

His romances began at 12 when he met Estelle Dubouff, six years his senior.

From then on he was continually either in or out of love.

When Estelle was a woman in her sixties Berlioz, whose second wife had just died, sought to revive his boyhood love affair.

"I can remember the little pink shoes you wore when I first saw you," he wrote enthusiastically to Estelle.

She, repulsing his advances, replied quite kindly but quite truthfully that she had never owned any pink shoes.

When Berlioz went to the theatre one evening as a young man and saw Henrietta Smithson, who became his first wife, in the arms of her stage lover he shrieked and ran from the place.

Even with his music Berlioz was a poseur with a fine talent for self-dramatisation.

He strove to create the impression that inspiration came to him in a blinding flash, that he composed on some lofty eminence, far above the race of men, with thunder crashing and lightning playing about his head.

He would have died rather than admit that he spent time learning a r-

mony and counterpoint or that his art cost him more than a drop of midnight oil.

Berlioz, who was born on December 11, 1803, was intended to follow in the footsteps of his father, a doctor at Grenoble, France.

To please his parents he went to medical school in Paris in 1821, but on his first visit to the dissecting-room he jumped through the window and ran all the way back to his lodgings.

However, he kept up the pretence of studying medicine until 1824, although most of his time during these years was spent at the opera.

Then he gave his time to musical study and composition.

With courage and audacity that were typical of him, Berlioz combined the penurious art of composition with the precarious craft of journalism.

He worked continually for very little money as music critic for a number of Paris newspapers.

Perhaps his best-known literary work is "Evenings in the Orchestra," a series of conversations between members of an orchestra which supposedly took place during dull operas.

When the works of Weber, Mozart, or Gluck were being performed the members of the orchestra worked assiduously and were silent, but when the Italian operas, many of which the composer execrated, were in progress, the musicians talked and laughed freely.

One of the most famous and amusing anecdotes Berlioz incorporated in his "Evenings in

the Orchestra" was the story of the piano used at a competition at the Paris Conservatorium of Music.

The set piece was Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto. After 29 repetitions the piano began to play the work itself.

The piano-maker was sent for. He sprinkled holy water on the keyboard, took the whole instrument to pieces, and finally chopped it up with an axe.

It was to no avail. The fragments still leapt and danced on the ground, and would not stop until they were flung into a furnace.

"Mendelssohn," Berlioz remarked (and that composer was one of his friends) "must not complain that his works are never performed."

In 1827 a company of English actors, headed by Charles Kemble, arrived in Paris to give a Shakespearean season.

Leading lady was Henrietta Smithson, whom Berlioz saw as Ophelia and Juliet, and with whom he fell headlong in love.

For months after he wandered round in a daze, his mind full of Henrietta, who was the inspiration for his "Symphonie Fantastique."

By 1830 Berlioz had recovered sufficiently to become engaged to a young pianist, Marie Moke. He went to Italy shortly afterwards.

There he heard that Marie's mother had refused to give her



HECTOR BERLIOZ

Henrietta, in despair at her failure to recapture her public, began to drink heavily.

Her repeated accusations of infidelity drove Berlioz to the arms of Marie Recio, who, according to Romain Rolland, one of Berlioz's biographers, was "a mediocre singer with a mania for singing."

If Berlioz wronged his sick, unhappy wife he paid dearly.

Recio's quarrels and vulgar scenes before his friends worried Berlioz, and her poor voice tortured him.

"I should deserve to be in hell if I weren't there already," he cried once in despair.

In 1854 Henrietta died.

Berlioz wrote to his son Louis: "You will never know what we suffered, your mother and I... It was as impossible for me to live with her as to leave her."

In October of the same year he wrote again to Louis, telling him of his marriage to Marie Recio.

"This liaison, as you will readily under-

stand, had become indissoluble from the mere fact of its duration; I could neither live alone nor abandon the person who had been living with me for 14 years."

Berlioz visited most of the capitals of Europe as a conductor.

In 1847 he went to Russia, where his "Eight Scenes from Faust" and his "Romeo and Juliet" and "Harold in Italy" symphonies were performed.

He wrote of himself being "magnificently bored" at a banquet given by the Czar.

Berlioz was already a sick man.

His complaint, which may have been inherited from his father, was described as "neuralgia of the intestines." Its chief symptom was excruciating pain, which would torture him for a few days, then give him a short respite.

In 1858 he finished his immense work, "The Trojans," consisting of two operas, one of three acts, the other of four, with an intermezzo in dumb-show.

Marie Recio died in 1862. The following year Berlioz had a brief affair with a girl, who also died.

He then sought out Estelle Dubouff, now Madame Fournier, but she was not able to give him the consolation he wanted.

A crushing blow to the desperately ill Berlioz was the death of Louis, a sea captain, of fever in Havana.

On March 8, 1869, Berlioz died, lonely, tired, and discouraged.

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One look, and you'll fall in love with your figure when you see what Warner's Le Gant corselettes will do for you!

See how they smooth your waist to a stem? See how they mould and hold you in one lovely, unbroken line? Thank Warner's 3-Way-Sizes for the perfect fit that works this miracle! When you are free to choose your own length, your own hip-size, and just the control you want, results are bound to be wonderful!

Four-Section Corselette, A38708 in Two-Way-Only elastic and satin elastic, invisibly boned. Sizes 33-40.

Free-Lift "floating line" Corselette, A38790, in Two-Way-Only elastic and satin elastic. Sizes 33-38.



1 Choose your Length

from short, medium, long and extra long! Warner's Le Gant has the length that's just right for you. At finer stores.

2 Choose your Hip size

Warner's Le Gant girdles and corselettes are sized for straight, average or full hips. Free-Lift corselette at right features Le Gant's famous "semi-detached" bra top that moves as you move, keeps you blissfully comfy.

3 Choose your Control

from light airy mesh elastics to the firm hug of tightly woven elastics. Above is Warner's exclusive Four-Section "split-hip" corselette that does an extra job of smoothing wayward curves.

WARNER'S Le Gant
3-Way-Sized Foundations and Bras

Worth Reporting

WHEN Ola Cohn, Melbourne sculptor, who has just returned from 12 months abroad, visited Iceland she was amused to see goats tethered to chimneys eating down the lush grass which grows on the sod roofs there.

"Iceland is a beautiful country with more hot mineral springs than ice—not at all what one would expect," she told us.

"The women are beautiful, the men strong. It's a happy country where they can do anything—it seems—from growing bananas under glass to processing whalemeat."

All the time she was talking Miss Cohn was working on a big piece of red gum which had once been a gate-stopper in the converted carriage stables that are her home.

She did five bronze pieces for the Festival of Britain exhibition of art while in London and managed to fit in visits to Scandinavia, France, Italy, and Spain.

She returned with new inspiration for architectural sculpture after seeing how Swedish sculptors work in with architects.

Later Miss Cohn hopes to explore these avenues in Australia further. She has already achieved fame in her own land with the Peter Pan tree in Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne, her three-ton stone "Pioneer Woman" (the Adelaide memorial to pioneer women), Hobart Hospital memorial gates, and a huge frieze in stone for a big Sydney building.

She will hold an exhibition in Melbourne in June.

Lucky charm for Mr. Truman

MRS. LYALL RAMSAY, of Double Bay, sent President Truman a lucky charm last year.

"Next week someone tried to shoot him," she told us. "Of course, I like to think that my charm saved him. He wrote a letter to me, saying he wished there were more people in the world like me, who were thoughtful enough to send him greetings."

Well known in Sydney newspaper offices, Mrs. Ramsay called on The Australian Women's Weekly swinging a handbag stuffed with letters from Winston Churchill and Royalty.

At Christmas Mrs. Ramsay sent Mr. Churchill a pretty hand-made card featuring a drawing of the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

In return she received a letter written on House of Commons notepaper, reading: "Thank you so much for your Christmas greetings, which have given me much pleasure.—Winston S. Churchill."

Since 1945 Mrs. Ramsay has posted more than 40 letters to the Royal Family.

"I feel they're personal friends of mine now," smiles Mrs. Ramsay, stating that Royalty appears to prefer pictures of kookaburras, Australian scenery, and the Harbor Bridge above all else.



"Are we supposed to have two rear bumpers?"

Sated with "feather and fin" fare

FROM the Royal Family down, English people are tired of off-the-ration "feather and fin" party fare.

Lady Mighell, wife of the former Acting Australian High Commissioner in England, who has returned to Melbourne, told us this.

Everyone is "red meat hungry," and a plain, juicy cut of beef means more to them than all the "a la" concoction dishes that they have had to have for so long.

Those organising hospitality for the Royal visit next year should bear this in mind, Lady Mighell added.

A FRIEND of ours, about seventy years of age, wanted a motor car of a popular make, and was informed that he would have to wait two years for a new one.

He pointed out that two years from his allotted span was a bigger slice than two years from the life of a younger man. He got his car.

Truckload of gratitude

WHEN Mr. E. Sykes, of Millthorpe, went to the Far West Children's Home at Manly, N.S.W., to take his daughter home after treatment, he took with him a truckload of fruit, vegetables, eggs, and jam, and a cash donation of £14.

The truck belonged to his brother-in-law, Mr. G. Thomas, who drove it to Sydney.

Because of its facilities for the treatment of poliomyelitis patients and its record for "recoveries," the home has now been asked by the Infantile Paralysis Consultative Council to undertake the care and treatment of many country patients.

Lip-reading reveals secrets

A FRIEND of ours who learned lip-reading at the insistence of her dear grandmother tells us that at committee meetings and such-like she enjoys the hushed remarks of women at the other end of the room.

Lip-reading—the art of reading speech by observation of the facial movements of the speaker—is her hobby.

But to thousands whose impaired hearing causes isolation, depression, self-consciousness, and hypersensitivity, lip-reading is the lifeline to normal living.

Mr. J. Hounslow Burchett, retired headmaster of St. Kilda Road School for the Deaf, Melbourne, has asked us to stress this.

He has written a text book on the subject—"Lip Reading"—for those unable to get instruction in the technique and has given the proceeds of the Australian edition to the Victorian League for the Hard-of-Hearing.

The book has also been published in England, where it was described by the British National Institute for the Deaf as a most up-to-date and practical book on the subject.

Mr. Burchett has devoted 25 years of his life to teaching the deaf.

He has heard of Australians sending to England for the book, and wants them to know it is obtainable in Australia from H. Evans and Son, Melbourne.

THERE is so much cream white, and gold paint at Buckingham Palace that one housemaid's duty is to remove finger-marks and the awful London dust that quickly mar light colors, the London office tells us.

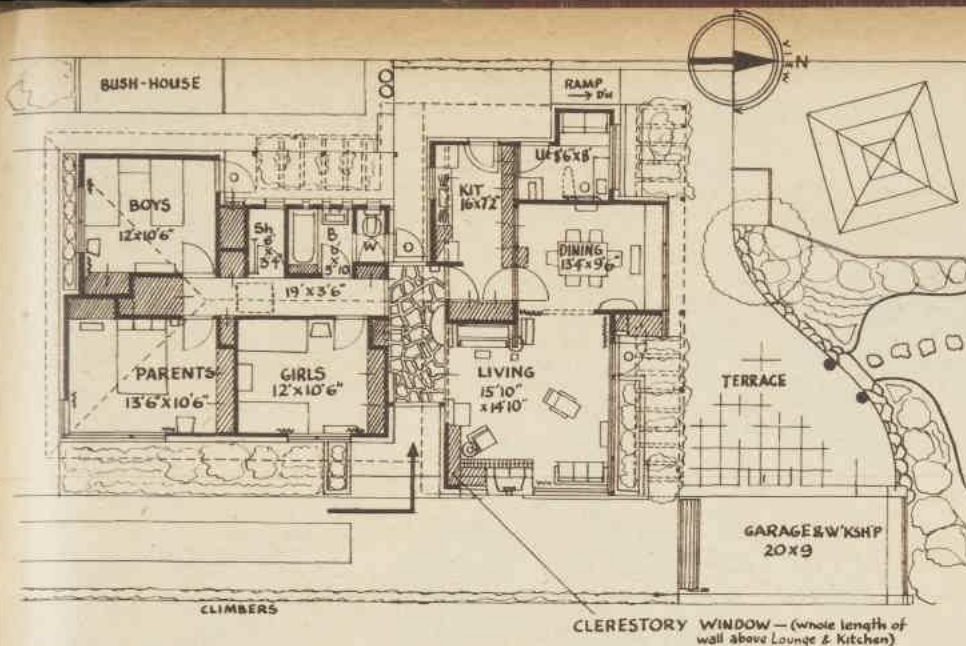
The Queen recently selected new color schemes for some rooms.

My favorite poem

Here is a verse from the favorite poem of Miss J. Hall, Orchard Street, North Brighton, Victoria. Send us your favorite lines.

Darling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with careless Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy.

—From "Ode to a Nightingale," by John Keats.



JUDGES' COMMENT. This home, designed by Mr. Neil R. Riches, of Mentone, Vic., would be an easy house to live in. Bedroom arrangement is good with the exception of the boys' room, which has a southerly aspect. Arrangements to protect the western side with deep eaves and a verandah are good, but might result in the kitchen being rather dark.

£4000 plan-a-home contest

• Here are the plans of Mr. Neil R. Riches, of Mentone, Victoria, and of Mr. Don Bennett, of Randwick, New South Wales, who both won £50 consolation prizes in our Plan-A-Home Contest.

PLANS of the third and fourth prize-winners, Mrs. Athalie Fallowfield, of Taree, N.S.W., and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Brown, of Newcastle, N.S.W., will be published next week.

Mr. Riches, whose plan appears above, said that he spent a lot of time "cooking up" a mental picture of his entry design, then went to work, answering over-the-shoulder criticism from his wife as he progressed.

As a sergeant in the Army in New Guinea during the war, Mr. Riches whiled away many hours discussing home planning with an architect in his unit. He is now an insurance inspector.

After the war he and his wife lived in rooms until they built their own home. This gave him many headaches, because the house is situated on an unusual block.

But Mr. Riches managed to get it finished without having to call in an architect.

He is now planning the garden—the daytime kingdom of their 18-months-old son, Lachlan, who recently recovered from a serious operation, which "set the little family back" quite a bit.

Sharing house

FOUR generations share the house at Randwick, N.S.W., where Mr. Don Bennett, whose plan appears at the left, lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have a daughter, Adrienne, aged 20 months. Living with them are Mr. Bennett's grandmother, Mrs. Una Lappin, and great-grandmother, Mrs. Florence Simpson.

Don Bennett and his father-in-law, Mr. R. C. Lappin, are the male members of the household.

"Don and I are very house-minded," Mrs. Bennett said. "We've been drawing houses and plans for years and own some land at Roseville."

Mrs. Bennett likes to browse round antique shops.

"I'm mad about the Regency Period and cedar furniture," she told us. "And I'm collecting old china. I've a lovely Worcester teapot with a gold lid, patterned with fruit and flowers."

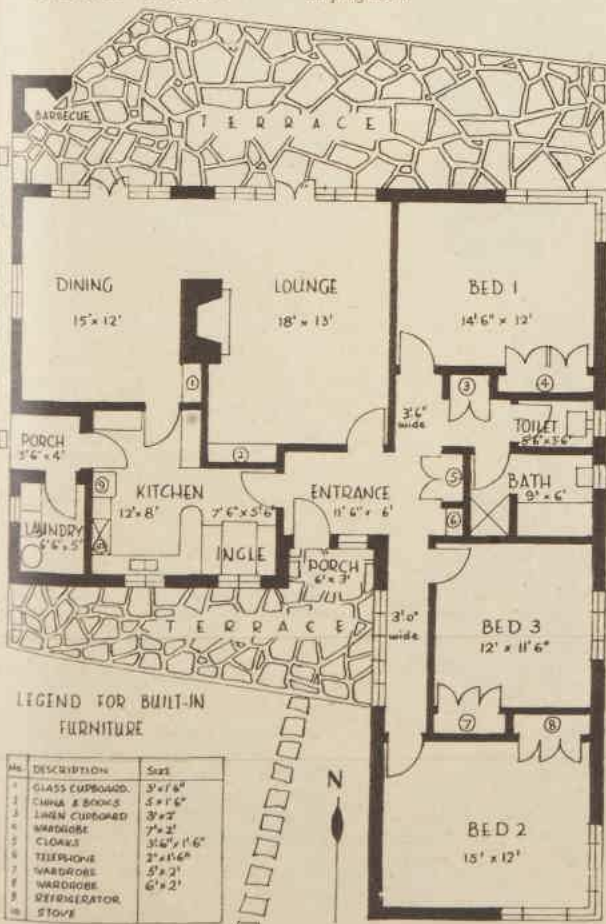
In any spare moments Mrs. Bennett does tapestry. Her exquisite work adorns much of the fine old furniture she has bought.

The exterior of their prize-winning house has bricks of apricot texture, a mixed-tile roof, white woodwork, and eaves three feet wide.

A color scheme of green carpet, off-white woodwork, and grey walls and ceiling is followed in the entrance-hall, lounge, and dining-room.

Curtains are floral chintz, and chairs are covered either in floral or plain cherry or green.

JUDGES' COMMENT. An excellent and practical solution to the problem by Mr. Don Bennett, of Randwick, N.S.W. Kitchen is well placed and all bedrooms have eastern sunlight. Objection: Access to lounge and dining-room is not good.



LEGEND FOR BUILT-IN FURNITURE

No.	DESCRIPTION	Size
1	GLASS CUPBOARD	3' x 1'8"
2	CHINA & BOOKS	5' x 1'5"
3	LINEN CUPBOARD	3' x 2'
4	WARDROBE	7' x 2'
5	CLOAKS	3'6" x 1'6"
6	TELEPHONE	2' x 1'6"
7	WARDROBE	5' x 2'
8	WARDROBE	6' x 2'
9	REFRIGERATOR	
10	STOVE	

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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Ruby Hordern's



● Corduroy velveteen with high collar and six pockets is proofed to serve double purpose as overcoat and raincoat.



● For country wear every Paris house has its interpretation of the three-quarter coat in leather, suede, or tweed. Version left with sheepskin collar has trench-coat back pleat.



● Mattli, of London, designs this tweed suit with brown leather belt, beaver collar, and matching beret. Bag from Marcel Rochas.

● Crossover coat-trunk of fine lime hue above, from Balmain, is panel-pleated at skirt, and is trimmed only with small white reversible cuffs and collar and gold watch chain.

● Classic in simplicity is Carven suit, worn left, with nail-trimmed leather belt and pocket.

● Group at right includes divided skirt of low flannel or suede with large pockets, matching gloves, and belt with detachable part. Stitching emphasises the cut of the jacket. Suede with tightly-knitted basque. Large buttons of pigskin with reindeer buttons come from Paquin. Flat shoes are also made of pigskin.

Paris Notes.

Whether you're a country dweller or a visitor, here are clothes from leading designers which are right in rustic settings.

● Carven's two-piece of bolero and skirt, at right, is charming for the young.

● Large-pocketed tartan pinafore, at far right, is invaluable for wear over all sweaters or blouses.

● Pierre Clarence's checked tweed lumber-jacket, at left, with side-buttoned, adjustable back fullness is splendid for slacks, jeans, or jodhpurs.

● Jean Desses puts a Robespierre collar on his bear-like brown coat. Shoulder fullness is held to tight waist with a leather belt. Fur-lined boots to match.

Dorothea Johnston



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magi-
cian, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Meet
NATALIE: Who tells them a
sad story. Years ago
KING FERRAND: Was left
alone when his wife died.

PRINCE RANDOLPH: Was
the only child, but, unlike
most children, he became
known as the Prince who
never smiled. The worried
King is concerned about this,
so Natalie volunteers to ask
for Mandrake's aid. NOW
READ ON:

"SINCE THEN, PRINCE RANDY HAS GROWN INTO A HAND-
SOME LITTLE BOY, BUT HIS FATHER AND THE ENTIRE
COURT WORRY ABOUT HIM CONSTANTLY, FOR IN ALL
THIS TIME HE HAS NEVER SMILED."



"THEY'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO MAKE THE CHILD HAPPY,"
CONTINUES NATALIE. "EVERY TOY, EVERY GAME KNOWN
FOR CHILDREN, HAS BEEN GIVEN HIM--"



"CLOWNS, COMEDIANS,
PERFORMERS FROM ALL
OVER THE WORLD HAVE
BEEN BROUGHT BEFORE
HIM. THE LITTLE BOY
WATCHES THEM ALL,
SOLENNLY."



"THE KING AND HIS COURT WRACK THEIR BRAINS TO
BRING HIM ENTERTAINMENT. STILL THE LITTLE PRINCE
WILL NOT SMILE," CONTINUES NATALIE. "PERHAPS YOU
CAN DO SOMETHING, MANDRAKE."

"THEY'VE BROUGHT OTHER CHILDREN TO PLAY WITH HIM--
NOTHING WORKS. HIS FATHER IS FRANTIC! MANDRAKE
MAYBE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING," NATALIE CONCLUDES.



"YOU MUST HELP HIM--MAKE HIM SMILE AND LAUGH!"
ADDS NATALIE. "I'M SORRY THE CHILD IS UNHAPPY. I'D
LIKE TO HELP, BUT I DON'T THINK I CAN," SAYS
MANDRAKE GENTLY.



NATALIE SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO TEARS AND WALKS
AWAY. "MANDRAKE, YOU MUST HELP THE BOY. YOU
ASKED WHY NATALIE IS SO UNHAPPY. THAT'S WHY," SAYS
NARDA. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" ASKS MANDRAKE.



"FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS, NATALIE'S BEEN MADLY IN
LOVE WITH FERRAND, AND I THINK HE LOVES HER, TOO,"
SAYS NARDA. "BUT HE'S SO WORRIED ABOUT HIS SON,
THAT HE CAN THINK OF NOTHING ELSE. BUT IF HIS SON'S
HAPPY, PERHAPS HE'LL THINK
OF NATALIE."



TO BE CONTINUED

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VALMAI HOY



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N. 18-22



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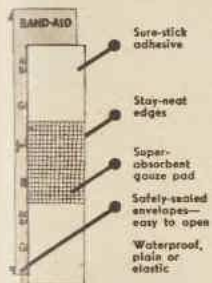
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— FOR THE HAIR

TEENA



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Energy and ambitions are now on the increase, although caution is advised from the week-end, especially during April 8 and 9. Be careful in your attitude to others, and take care of your health.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 20): Your cue this week is to stick to routine and avoid all projects that could cause repercussions, muddles, or confusion. If you can be patient for a while, you have very good aspects approaching.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20): You may find it difficult to keep in step with others this week, especially your close associates or those who have a joint interest in your affairs. Saturday is favorable, but Sunday and Monday adverse.

CANCER (June 21 to July 20): Although conditions could easily get out of hand from Sunday, don't make any radical moves that could involve your career, prestige, or social contacts. Careful handling of affairs is advised until after April 10.

LEO (July 21 to August 20): Continue with your immediate plans, but go carefully on April 8 and 9. Conditions are unfavorable for journeys, writings, legal or Government affairs.

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As I read the Stars

By
WYNNE TURNER

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your prospects are rather mixed this week. They are good on April 7, but deteriorate from April 8 to 10. Avoid risky propositions, financial loss, or extravagance. This is a time for assessment rather than adventure.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your house of marriage and personal contacts could absorb your attention this week. Try not to raise or force issues on April 5, 8, and 9. Conditions will sort themselves out to your satisfaction very soon.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Not your best week for health or working interests. Don't undertake anything that could cause complications, and see to it that you get sufficient rest. Better luck after April 9. But whether you prosper then will depend to some extent on your actions now.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): An active week for anything that touches your emotional or personal life. However, don't let personal magnetism or impulse sway you too much, especially from April 7 to 10. The more impressionable types should be on their guard or irremediable harm may result.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Weigh all issues carefully this week, especially those that concern houses, land, property, or the domestic sphere. Don't make changes for insufficient reason. Next week brings clearer vision.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Be careful of all moves this week, especially where you have to write, study, travel, or debate. Your stars are moving into more hopeful aspects before very long.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): April 7 is fair, but April 8 and 9 decidedly adverse. Watch health, finance, and personal affairs. Don't borrow or lend, and use discretion in diet to avoid blood disorders. Although you need to exercise the greatest care on these two days, nothing permanently adverse will occur if you are sensible.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



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Fair or Cream <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	Med. <input type="checkbox"/>	GREY HAIR <input type="checkbox"/>
If Fair check above <input type="checkbox"/>	SAFIR <input type="checkbox"/>	If grey hair, check former hair coloring above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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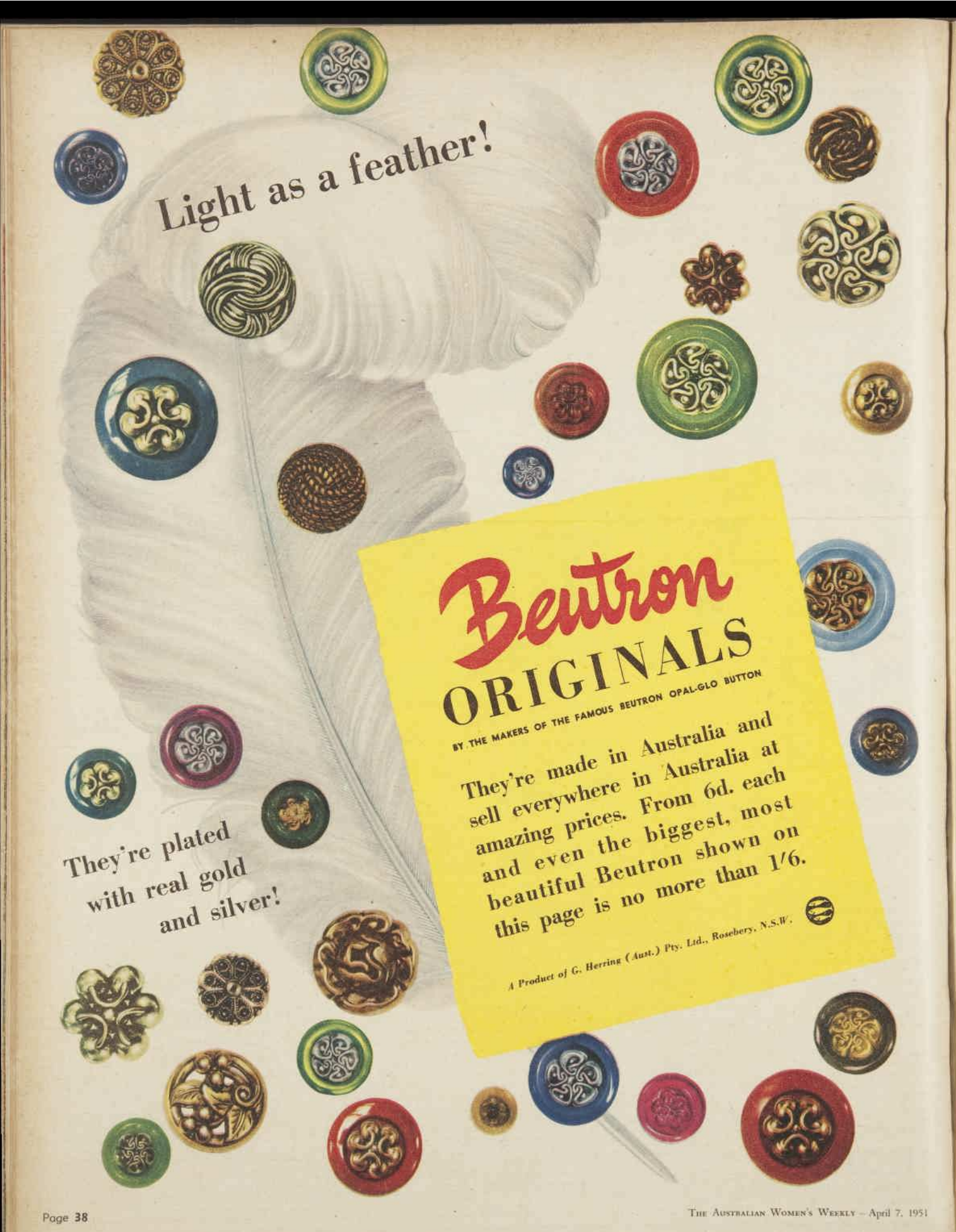
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Two elegant hand-knits...

● Directions are given on this page for making our cover design—a lovely shawl to add glamor to evenings out—and the tailored, check-trimmed blouse shown at right.

THE blouse has been designed to fit sizes 32, 33, and 34. Here are the knitting instructions:

Materials: Paton's Beehive fingering 3-ply—black, 1 oz.; white, 8 oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 5 buttons; 5 press-studs.

Measurements (to fit 32-34 in. bust): Length from top of shoulder, 20 in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 17 in.

Tension: 8 sts. to the inch in width.

Abbreviations: w, white; b, black.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 110 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in.

In next row: * Work 7 sts. in rib, inc. in next st., rep. from * to last 6 sts., work 6 sts. in rib (123 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in plain smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of 13th and following 10th rows twice. (129 sts.)

Work 1 row without shaping.

In next row: K 51, cast off 27 sts., k 51. Cont. on last 51 sts., dec. once at beg. of second and every following alt. row twice. (48 sts.)

Work on these 48 sts., inc. once at end of second and following 10th rows twice. (51 sts.)

Cont. without shaping until work measures 12½ in. from commencement ending at armhole edge.

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. once at end of next and every alt. row until 33 sts. remain. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7 in. on straight. Shape shoulder by casting off 11 sts. at armhole edge every alt. row. Join in wool at centre, and work on remaining sts. to correspond.

BACK

*Work as given for front, until inc. above basque is completed. (123 sts.)

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of 13th and every following 10th row until there are 135 sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures same as front to underarm. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of next and every alt. row until 99 sts. remain.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front. Shape shoulders by casting off 11 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work in plain smooth fabric, inc. once at each end of 17th and every following 8th row until there are 96 sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 17 in. on straight. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of next and every alt. row until 42 sts. remain, then dec. once at each end of every row until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT INSET

Using No. 10 needles and white wool, cast on 24 sts.

1st Row: Inc. in first st., join in black wool, * k 1 b, k 1 w, rep. from * to last st., k 1 b.

2nd Row: * P 1 w, p 1 b, rep. from * to last st., p 1 w.

3rd Row: Inc. in first st., * k 1 w, k 1 b, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: * P 1 w, p 1 b, rep. from * to end of row.

5th Row: Like 1st row.

6th Row: Like 2nd row.

Keeping cont. of check, cont. without shaping until work measures 10½ in. from commencement, ending with wrong side of work facing. Cast off 15 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. once at neck edge in next and every alt. row until 4 sts. remain.

Work 3 rows without shaping. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT INSET

Work as given for left front inset making shapings at opposite end of needle.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and white wool, cast on 128 sts. Join in black wool.

1st Row: * K 1 w, k 1 b, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: * P 1 w, p 1 b, rep. from * to end of row.

Keeping cont. of check, dec. once at each end of next and every following 3rd row until 114 sts. remain.

Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off.

UNDER COLLAR

Using white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 114 sts. Work in plain smooth fabric, dec. once at each end of every 3rd row until 100 sts. remain.

Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off.

CUFFS

Using No. 10 needles and white wool, cast on 64 sts. Work 18 rows of check, as given for collar. Keeping cont. of check, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP JUMPER

Press all pieces carefully. Turn back hem 3 sts. wide along front edge of right and left front insets. Sew insets to front with backstitch seam overlapping 8 sts. at front. Sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join cuffs with backstitch seam, turn down hem ¼ in. wide along top edge. Sew cuffs to edge of sleeve and turn back. Join upper and under collars. Sew under collar to jumper with backstitch seam, then slipstitch upper collar to jumper. Sew on press-studs, then buttons—2½ in. apart down front inset.



NEW SLIP-OVER BLOUSE for winter. The check-patterned front, matching Peter Pan collar, and pointed cuffs are combined with plain knitting.

Shawl from Paris

● At left is another view of the fringed evening shawl featured on our cover.

THE design came from Paris.

Materials: 5 skeins (1oz.) Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 1 large-size crochet hook.

Measurements: 55 in. along cast-on edge; 18 in. from cast-on to apex.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows in.

To obtain the best results and correctly proportioned garment, the following three points are essential: Use the exact wool specified; use the correct size of needles; keep knitting tension strictly in accordance with instructions.

Cast on 351 stitches.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to last 3 sts., s 1, k 1, p.s.o., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, p 2 tog. through back of loops, purl to

last 3 sts., p 2 tog., k 1. Repeat these 2 rows until 5 sts. remain.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 1, s 1, k 1, p.s.o., turn k 3 tog., pull loop through and end off.

FRINGE

Wind wool around a piece of cardboard 5 in. wide, cut along one edge, thus making strands 10 in. long.

Pass crochet hook through the apex, which is centre back corner, from right to wrong side, take 8 strands of fringe, fold in half and place the fold over the hook, pull to right side of shawl, pass the cut ends through the folded end and pull tight.

Repeat this process along each side from back corner for approx. 18 inches, placing tufts approx. ¾ in. apart. Press carefully and trim the ends of fringe evenly.





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No Private Life

BUT Aunt Christine knew. She was in the room only a few minutes, talking to Jeff and me, when she gave me a startled, unhappy look, and, for a moment, put her hand on mine.

Even Jeff was conscious of it, and he forced me to look at him so that I read the message in his eyes: We can't go on like this.

But it was almost a month later, during a fine, warm spell, that he rang me up. "I can take the afternoon off. Let's go into the country. We must talk."

I suppose it was because I was in such a turmoil of bewilderment that I did not notice especially the direction in which Jeff was driving, but I thought idly: I've been here before.

He turned the car off down a path, through a wood. "We'll picnic somewhere here," he said.

Then suddenly I realised: That was the wood I had come to with Steve.

I stumbled after Jeff, who had walked on ahead, the picnic basket slung from his shoulder.

I called out to him. "This way, Jeff. Down here there's a clearing. Let's go there." I didn't even wonder why I said it. I knew it was part of that miraculous sensitivity that held me to Steve.

The little clearing was still there. So was the tree-trunk. I fell on my knees, beating down the long grass grown up around it, and found the mark Steve had made. M and S, 1946.

I was staring at it when Jeff came to my side. For a long time we just stayed still, not speaking, hand in hand. Then he put his fingers under my chin and turned my face up to his.

"We won't have to talk. There's a simpler, quicker method of making up our minds," he said gravely.

I did not understand what he meant until I saw the pen-knife in his hand. I watched while he made a little chip after the date Steve had carved.

The quiet of the wood was suddenly clamorous with the memory of words Steve and I had spoken. "When we are rich we'll buy this little clearing and build a house round the tree-stump."

Jeff's voice interrupted my thoughts. "Are you sure, Mollie? Sure of loving me, of being happy?"

Continued from page 5

I looked first at his hand and then at the tree-trunk, realising what he was chipping out. M. and S., 1946-195 . . .

I leaned forward and placed my hand, palm outspread, on the carving. "No, oh, no!" I whispered.

He drew me gently to my feet and led me back a few paces to a place where we could sit down.

"It's been fun, hasn't it, Mollie? Something we shall remember and grow a little sentimental about when we're old."

He sat, knees drawn up, filling his pipe, his movements deliberate, his voice firm.

"I think I have felt all this more strongly than you. There wasn't anyone else, you see. But deep down inside me I knew you didn't really belong to me. You love Steve. You're simply in love with me."

I knew what he meant then, and I was nearer to loving him at that moment than I had ever been. I wanted to touch him, to feel the warm, secure feeling he always gave me. But he was playing fair. It was up to me to do the same.

I closed my eyes and saw Steve. I saw him in every dear, familiar detail, and I had an aching desire to hear his voice. As if for some time I had been parted from him, had lived my own life, but not in the way Aunt Christine had meant.

It was Aunt Christine who was there to greet me when I returned. I was alone. She stood at the top of the stairs, her expression wistful and a shade apprehensive.

"Steve rang to say he would be in for tea. He has the whole evening free," she told me.

Following me into the sitting-room, she continued. "He's given up a broadcast because he wants to take you out. Mollie, you haven't you're not going out with Jeff?"

This time I took her in my arms to comfort her. "No, I'm not going out with anyone ever again, only Steve."

A mild volcano assailed us from below. It was Steve driving into the garage. The ornaments rattled with the rocking we received as he slammed the garage door.

"He'll have to learn to be a little quieter," said Aunt Christine, "when you fulfil your dream!"

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There's Something About Her

Continued from page 7

MARCY laughed. "I don't think parents ask so many questions as they did when we were young," she said. "This is the new generation we're hearing about, the youngsters who, they say, hold the reins capably in their own hands. Anyhow, with Fenn I know it will be a nice place."

"Even Osbornes are human," Carl said dryly. "She's been seeing a lot of him. Do you think she likes him?"

"I can't imagine Lissa's going out with anyone she didn't like," Marcy said.

"No, I don't think she would," Carl agreed. "Anyhow, you'd better wait up for them."

"Parents don't, these days, I'm told. But of course I shall."

"Good girl. Give Lissa my love and tell her—well—that's up to you." He laughed. "I'll be home to-morrow in time for dinner."

"Good-bye, darling," Marcy said, and put down the telephone with a little smile. She was remembering how reluctant Carl had been to let Lissa spend so much of her summer with Dody on the Brush farm.

"It's not a farm, and you know it," he had insisted. "It's a big, swank country place masquerading under the name of farm. I hate the pretence of simplicity as much as the pretence of wealth. I'd feel a lot safer on an old farm like my grandfather's with a regular barn and an old scythe."

Marcy had laughed. "I've heard that scythes are dangerous, too."

Carl had laughed back. "Just the same, I doubt whether the danger of the scythe is as threatening as the danger of letting Lissa get an over-exposure to too much luxury."

"Nonsense," Marcy had told him. "Lissa has a good head on her shoulders. She is the last person in the world to be impressed by wealth. The Farnsworths and the Osbornes are friends of the Brushes and have sons in college. Lissa needs to know more boys. And she really is terribly fond of Dody. Anyhow, I wish I'd had a chance like that at Lissa's age."

She recalled now with a little chuckle that Carl had laughed at her and said,

"Given a chance like that I'll bet you'd never have married a young engineer with a two-hundred-dollar-a-month job."

"Don't be silly, Carl," she had answered, suddenly serious. "I married for love and seldom regret it!"

Suddenly she heard Lissa running down the stairs, her footsteps light and eager. For a second Marcy's heart seemed to still with a wordless gratitude. How often, how sickeningly often she had heard Lissa coming slowly downstairs to go to a movie with Carl and herself.

Now Lissa ran lightly, happily, eagerly toward the evening. Yes, even if nothing ever came of it, Marcy felt infinitely grateful to Fenn Osborne.

Lissa came in almost shyly and stood still for a second, her back against the door, as if suddenly she were embarrassed by her happiness. Marcy recognised a breathless excitement in the pink of Lissa's cheeks, the dark shining of her eyes.

Why, Marcy realised, the child is lovely.

"Hello, Mother," Lissa said. "Do I look all right? I—it's the new suit we bought. And the hat. I look all right in blue, don't I?"

Marcy caught for the first time an almost pleading eagerness for approval, as if suddenly Lissa had recognised in her mother an ally, a fellow conspirator.

Tears came to Marcy's eyes. "You look lovely. You've never looked prettier. You don't seem to be dressed for a club dance, though. Where are you going?"

"I'm not sure," Lissa said slowly. "I know we're going into town for dinner." Her eyes met Marcy's, then she looked down and soft color flooded her cheeks.

But suddenly Lissa flung herself into Marcy's arms and cried hysterically, "Mother, you've been so wonderful in so many ways. I love you, Mother."

The unexpected emotional outburst caught Marcy completely off guard. Her own eyes filled with tears.

Please turn to page 43

Dominex
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Coats



Dominex Coats for winter 1951 have been created in soft warm materials in all the newest Autumn and Winter shades. Discriminating women will appreciate the perfect cut and finish in styles for all sizes.

DI-51

Modern English crystal at its matchless best—hand-cut by the finest craftsmen. Look for the name STUART on every exquisite piece.



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JUNE is one of the perfumes
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an exquisite talcum powder
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CVS 42

Leroy commends to you the
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FOR 1951 SUITS

Fresh from the style-studded boulevards of the world's great cities Leroy brings you this newest fashion to make the most of your figure and femininity. Choose a Leroy style to suit yourself for 1951.



The check coat-plain skirt suit beautifully portrays the new fashion. Note the smoking jacket lapel. In warm English woollen suiting: black or brown tonings.



Parasol silhouette in plain colour Vicers broadcloth. Wide-arc pockets are a feature. Colours include Pastoral green, Mephisto grey, Soleil gold, Carmen red.



Lissa was in love. Marcy found herself exchanging happiness for fear. What if Fenn didn't care, if nothing came of it?

"Darling," Marcy said, "don't be silly. You'll spoil your eyes. Of course I know you love me. But my goodness, you're simply going out for the evening, not to the North Pole. Just have fun and be sure to come home at a reasonable hour."

A white stillness touched Lissa's face; her eyes grew dark and quiet. For a second her lips seemed to quiver. Marcy said suddenly, almost desperately, "You know, Lissa, you've only been out a few times with Fenn. You mustn't let yourself get serious about him. Men hate girls who get serious." Marcy tried to laugh.

Lissa's eyes, their blue almost black, met hers. "You mustn't worry about me, Mother. I know what I'm doing. I'm not getting serious about Fenn."

"Well, of course, Fenn is a nice boy," Marcy said.

"Yes, he's nice; Fenn's all right," Lissa said quietly. "I think I hear his car now." She half-unzipped and again, almost shyly, put her arms around Marcy and kissed her. Then without another word Lissa turned and ran out of the room, out of the house. Marcy heard the front door close sharply.

She stood quietly, still seeming to feel the quick light pressure of Lissa's slender young arms, the soft warmth of Lissa's kiss on her cheek. There was suddenly a lonely stillness about the house, a cold stillness.

She walked over to the win-

There's Something About Her

Continued from page 41

Edith said. "She's so fine and sensitive. You're colder, Marcy, more practical. That's why I hope you'll forgive me when I say that if I were you I wouldn't encourage this too strongly. I can't quite see Lissa ever really fitting into the Osborne pattern."

"But for goodness' sake," Marcy broke in, "what's wrong in that? It sounds fine."

"Yes," Edith agreed, "and it's probably what we're all struggling to do—but not Lissa, somehow."

Marcy laughed and tried not to be annoyed. "Please Edie!" she said, "the boy has simply taken her to dinner a few times!" Edie sounded as though Lissa weren't a sensible, normal child.

After Marcy had said good-bye to Edith she began again to feel uneasy. It was as if, suddenly facing the fruition of a dream, she wasn't quite sure she wanted it to come true. Or was she simply afraid that it wouldn't come true? What did she want? She wanted Lissa's happiness. She had made every sacrifice to give Lissa all she wanted.

And now what if Lissa wanted Fenn Osborne and Fenn didn't want her? Or if Lissa wanted Fenn and got him and he wasn't the man for her? What, after all, could Marcy do now? She closed her book, unable to concentrate.

When the doorbell rang she jumped as if it were a fire

siren. And she was strangely grateful to find Ella and Tom Fentriss from across the road—grateful and somehow relieved.

"We saw your light," Ella said, "and we knew Carl was away. We also saw Lissa go out. So we decided to ask you to go to the late movie with us. It's a good picture."

"Yes," Marcy said, "the reviews were good. I'd like to go. A house seems very big and quiet when you're alone."

When they came back from the movie Marcy asked Ella and Tom in for a drink. They sat down in the breakfast-room and talked about the picture and a few other things.

Finally Marcy said, "It must be late; Lissa should be home soon." She couldn't help herself.

"Oh, kids keep all sorts of hours," Ella said. "So long as you know where she is and who she's with."

All at once Marcy felt no pride, only apology when she said, "Lissa's out with Fenn Osborne—she's been seeing him fairly often since she came back from Dody's."

"Fenn Osborne," Tom repeated slowly. "Flying high, isn't he?"

Ella said, "Our John knows him, I think. They were at school about the same time."

Marcy found herself searching the faces of these two good friends with a kind of desperate eagerness. Did they approve? Did they understand? She wished Carl were home. She wanted someone to share her sudden fear.

Beauty in brief:

Renovate your looks

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Homeliness is just a bad habit which some women have to be taught to break, according to Perc Westmore, of Hollywood, and it has to be tackled from both physical and mental aspects.

PRACTICALLY everyone has some really good feature which, if properly highlighted, can add interest and color to the face.

Even girls who are lovely without effort need a complete "re-do" once in a while. Skin-tones and facial contours change progressively, so that make-up colors that were harmonious a couple of years ago are not necessarily right now.

The color and character of hair also change, and so should the hair-do.

Psychologically, beauty renovations are even more rewarding, for finding good looks is usually followed by a new outlook.

The job of attaining and preserving that newness in appearance is, of its own accord, a break in the sameness of daily routine.


Graceful carriage of the head to show off the new hair-style and fresh costume shades to match flattering complexion colors go along with added zest for living.

After Ella and Tom had left, Marcy tried to go back to her book. But it was no use.

She put out the light and stood at the window of the darkened room. It was so very dark outside, Marcy thought. Dark and quiet. Even the lights in the Fentriss house had gone out now.

Fenn was a good driver. Bad news travels fast. Lissa had a good head on her shoulders. Girls to-day knew how to behave; how to take care of themselves. There was nothing to worry about. This

Please turn to page 45



Jim was a
HERMIT-
till I broke his
life-time habit!



MUST WE ENTERTAIN THE MORGAN'S TONIGHT?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU THESE DAYS?



I DON'T FEEL UP TO IT... I'VE GOT ANOTHER DULL HEADACHE.



THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE—ALWAYS TAKING THIS AND THAT! JIM...I'M GOING TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR. BLACK—AND YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP IT!



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There's Something About Her

BUT after all, it was only two o'clock. Children today were wise and self-reliant. And then high on the hill, coming down Valley Road, she saw the headlights of a car. She was weak with relief.

When the car pulled into the driveway, the children didn't get out for a minute. Marcy waited, feeling contrite and almost foolish. Then Lissa got out alone and without a backward glance came up to the door. The car curved away down the drive. Marcy heard the click of the lock and Lissa's step.

She switched on the lights quickly and for a second in the sudden brightness she couldn't see Lissa's face clearly. But when she saw it she knew that something was wrong. The child was pale, her eyes too dark; her small slender hands gripped the little red snake-skin bag until her knuckles showed white.

Marcy could only cry out, "Lissa—"

Lissa took a step backward away from Marcy's outstretched hand.

"Now, Mother," she said, "just a minute. I was afraid you might still be up. We had a puncture and there was no place to telephone you. I knew you'd be worried. Now you must listen to me and not go to pieces. I'm married, Mother. Fenn drove us. It was all arranged. We've had the license for a week."

Marcy's knees buckled. She had to sit down. She heard herself saying, "Oh, Lissa, my darling, why couldn't you have told me? I'd have helped you. If only you and Fenn had confided in me—"

She felt no anger, only a sick despair.

Lissa was saying, "Mother, I am not married to Fenn. And it isn't what you think."

Marcy stared at Lissa. Her

Continued from page 43

throat went dry and her voice choked. "Not Fenn—not Fenn—but who, Lissa, who?"

"David Phillips," Lissa said. "I've never heard of a David Phillips!" Marcy cried.

"No," Lissa said. "And in a way I'm sorry. But you see, Mother, I knew this was the only way. You never would have wanted me to marry Dave. I know. And I know how strong you are, how clever. Somehow you'd have manoeuvred us out of it."

She paused, taking off her coat, and then went on, "All my life you've done that, turned me from things I wanted, made me see they were silly or not good for me. Wait for a while, you'd have said. And I'd have waited, and it might have been too late—"

"But Fenn—" Marcy cried.

"Fenn has been wonderful. He likes Dave. He has helped us."

Marcy's voice was harsh, scraping her throat. "Where is this man? Where is he? Where did you meet him? Why isn't he here now to face me—"

"I met Dave at Dody's. He was working on the farm. His father is a farmer. I wanted to see you first, Mother, to face you first alone."

"What kind of man would let you do this?" Marcy said. Lissa smiled, and it seemed to Marcy that she smiled at a grown-up person smiles at a child. "He is a very nice man, Mother. And I made him let me do it like this."

"You, a girl—a child—forcing a man into marriage. That's absurd."

"Not absurd at all. Dave is a lot like Daddy. You always have made Daddy do the things you wanted, haven't you? Most women are really the stronger. Dave is sensitive, easily hurt. I wouldn't have you hurt him, humiliate

him. When Fenn brings him back in half an hour I'm sure you won't."

Marcy stared at Lissa, a calm, collected Lissa—a stranger. She said, "What do you propose to do? Live on a farm?"

"Some day," Lissa said. "Next year we'll live near the University. Dave's finishing his third year in Agriculture. After that we'll try the farm. It is what I want Dave to do. Dave is a natural farmer. He loves it."

"What you want him to do?" Marcy cried. "Is he a nitwit who can't think for himself?"

"You're being cruel, Mother, and silly. Dave has a fine mind. He does need confidence. He needs me. Don't you see, Mother, that Dave is the first person in the whole world who has ever needed me, really needed me?"

Marcy's voice grew harsh again. "You don't know what you're doing. You know nothing about life. You have never had to do anything for yourself; you've never had to work, to struggle for anything. Your whole generation has been spoiled and pampered and protected."

"That could be it," Lissa said, smiling a little. "Maybe we feel the need to work, to struggle."

Marcy couldn't speak. She never had understood this strange, curious rebellion of the young, this scorn for the conventions. Were the youngsters suddenly demanding their right to taste the sour with the sweet, to struggle, to fight for something, to win or lose?

Lissa said, "They'll be back in a few minutes."

Marcy was seeing Paula's Mary in that terrible little matchbox of a house in that terrible little suburb where all the houses were alike. She

was seeing Mary's thin, anxious young face the day they had gone out there and found Donnie with a temperature, the baby crying, and wet clothes hanging in the cluttered little kitchen.

She was remembering how, on the way home, Paula had broken down and cried, saying, "If they would only let us help them. But they've got to be independent."

A quick wild hope flared in Marcy. She and Carl could help them, disengage them from the farm notion. Carl could get the boy a job. She looked up at Lissa, and smiled for the first time. She heard herself saying, "We'll work it out, I guess."

"No," Lissa said. "We will work it out, Dave and I. Our plans are made." Her eyes met Marcy's squarely.

Marcy stared at her daughter.

There was the sound of a car stopping in the drive.

"They're back," Lissa said.

"What will you do, Mother?"

"What can I do?" Marcy asked.

Lissa said with polite detachment, "You'll like Dave, Mother."

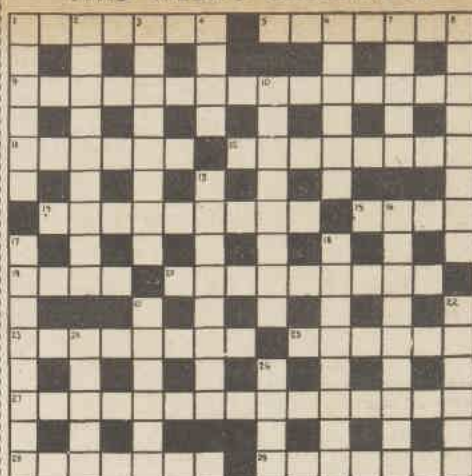
She left the room.

Marcy heard the front door open and close. She heard voices. Somehow she managed to stand up. This is a dream, she thought. It can't be happening to me, to Carl and me.

Then she saw them in the doorway. She saw a stocky, dark-haired young man with clear blue eyes and broad shoulders. She saw Lissa, the shining light in Lissa's eyes, the tilt of her head, the challenge. And Marcy found herself caught in a heady surge of emotion. She held out her hands. It could be all right. It would be fine.

(Copyright)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

- Cooking room on ship's deck (7).
- Beated and I consumed to gratify to the full (7).
- Path of current which brings sparks to the car (8, 7).
- Children in the King evils (6).
- Visionary male gipsy takes a grotesque posture (6).
- Sympathetic study of the chin (9).
- I learn by heart sacred painting (4).
- Consumes and in a slangy way things are consumed (4).
- Teacher with a go in him (9).
- Ladies' men rub sore insects (8).
- Hindu incarnation (4).
- Fast men with Tec (Anazt. 7, 8).
- Roman goddess of wisdom (7).
- Donkey is the beginning for helps (7).

DOWN

- Cover with circle inside (8).
- Turn into a league followed by I and a diving bird to make an Australian mammal (8).
- Part of metaphysics is no toy containing a rough mass of wood (8).
- Greek god of love (4).
- Sailor brown worn by Scottish Highlanders (8).
- Grown up 1951 years ago according to the beginning (5).
- Troubled ten sugar coat on a cake is adorning (8).
- Thick slice of meat and a road cut off (4, 4).
- Nude worl rightly observed to pulling away from the beach (8).
- Fifty in the wife of an earl cannot be enumerated (9).
- Skin, prepared for writing, used to come from this city in Asia Minor (8).
- Women's religious communities study sutra (8).
- Trailer that woman to a greater extent (4).
- Curia in short stiff folds and the end is short postscript (6).
- The French white metal is of ancient Romans (9).
- An island in the Mediterranean is clever when turned (4).

Solution to last week's crossword

DO YOU KNOW?

Dusky maidens DEFY ancient custom!

PROUD OF THEIR FLASHING WHITE TEETH—GIRLS OF THE SAILA BATONGA TRIBE OF NORTHERN RHODESIA, REBELLED AGAINST TRIBAL CUSTOM OF KNOCKING OUT FRONT TEETH! KOLYNOS MAKES YOU PROUD OF YOUR SMILE, KEEPS YOUR MOUTH SWEET AND FRESH FOR HOURS.

SHEEP WITH GOLD TEETH!

SHEEP'S JAWS BOUGHT IN A BUTCHER'S SHOP IN ST. KILDA (VIC.) HAD TEETH ENCRUSTED WITH GOLD DUST! GOLD WAS PICKED UP FROM GRAZING OVER AN ALLUVIAL DEPOSIT. YOUR TEETH WILL GLEAM WITH NEW LUSTRE AFTER KOLYNOS. THOSE ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE EVERY TOOTH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

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KOLYNOS CUTS YOUR DENTIFRICE BILLS CLEAN IN HALF! ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. THIS MEANS MONEY SAVED FOR OTHER THINGS! SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED—HALF AN INCH AFTER MEALS STOPS DENTAL DECAY.

FIGHTS DECAY BETTER...TASTES BETTER...LASTS LONGER!

WHEN Brande returned to the vestibule it was evident that he was satisfied and Alvin's brown eyes glistened with relief.

"I trust everything's in order, sir. There's not been much time since Mr. Tenney left. I've done my best."

"Of course," the Consul replied, suavely, yet with his most cryptic air. He knew better than to begin his regime with indiscriminate praise of his assistant. Nothing so easily impaired strict discipline, or fostered more quickly the disaster of familiarity.

Besides, he had already decided that this raw, nervous young man in the tight-fitting suit—burst, indeed, in one place, at the armpit—was socially impossible, best kept at a distance. And as Alvin hung on, Brande firmly conducted him towards the door.

"I shall see you at the office to-morrow, then, Mr. Decker."

"Very good, sir."

"You are always there at nine sharp?"

"Oh, of course." Rather red above the collar, Alvin prepared to take his leave but hesitated on the front steps and, in a manner which made Nicholas look appealingly at his father, stammered: "May I express the hope, sir, that you will honor Mrs. Decker and myself by a visit to our apartment in the Calle Estrada? It's a small place, but we've tried to make it a little bit of the good old U.S.A."

The Consul replied with perfect politeness, but when Alvin had gone his lip curled.

It was now seven o'clock and, with admirable anticipation of his master's wishes,

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 9

Garcia announced that the dinner was served. Two places had been laid in the large dining-room and, seating themselves at either end of the long carved refectory table with a sconce of lighted candles between, father and son began the first meal in their new home.

For the most part, occupied by his own thoughts and deeply solicitous of Nicholas' fatigue, the Consul kept silent. But the excellence of the cooking and the service, the pleasing atmosphere of the dim, cool, lofty room, gradually soothed his spirit, and erased the manifold irritations which had tried him so sorely during the day.

With his heavy, brooding eyes he followed the movements of the butler, and finally he raised the barrier of his reserve.

"Your name is Garcia, I understand?"

"Yes, señor."

"You have always been in San Jorge?"

Garcia straightened himself without a movement of his impassive face.

"No, sir. I have been in much larger cities. And always with the best people. My previous situation was with the de Aostas in Madrid."

"You mean the Marquesa de Aosta?"

"A branch of that family, señor."

Harrington Brande nodded in recognition of the fact. It did not displease him that this silent personage who now served him should bear, so to speak, an aristocratic recommendation.

"Tell the cook I will see her in the morning. My son is somewhat delicate and will

require a special diet." When the man bowed and noiselessly departed he remarked to Nicholas, with satisfaction: "He seems a superior fellow."

The word "superior," whether he applied it to a horse, a servant, or to his intimate friend Professor Halevy of Paris, was the Consul's most favored expression of approbation. Yet for once Nicholas could not share his father's feelings. Indeed, the butler had produced in him, from the moment of his first sidelong glance, a sensation curiously disagreeable which he could not well explain.

AFTER the Consul had finished his coffee he looked significantly at his gold repeater watch. However, Nicholas, upon whom the exciting strangeness of the place was already working like a ferment, pleaded most eagerly that they might take a turn in the garden before he went upstairs, and his father indulgently consented.

Outside, with a coat wrapped about his thin shoulders, the boy drew in deep breaths of the soft, spicy air. Although his head still rang with the tumult of the journey, he felt the peace of the falling evening upon him and upon the garden. It was larger, much larger, than he had expected, and gloriously rank.

A path led downwards from the portico under three pergolas bent beneath great braids of roses, flanked on either side by a broad herbaceous border, wild with primulas and great white pennies. To the left

stood a thicket of myrtle and oleanders. On the other side the garden opened to a kind of meadow, which might once have been a lawn, bearing two lovely trees, a wide catalpa and a tamarisk.

Then, beyond a low boundary wall and a wooden tool shed, there lay a rocky heath, studded with white boulders, spiny cacti, and tufts of purple azalea. Behind, clumps of laurel masked the stables and domestic quarters, while in front the land fell, not steeply, to some woods of stunted cedar, thence to the level of the shore.

Standing beside his father, viewing all this beauty, Nicholas was conscious suddenly of a presentiment, a surging confidence, never before experienced in any of their previous abodes, that he could—that he would—be happy here.

"Isn't it nice, Father?" he murmured, to prolong the moment.

The Consul smiled, that rare smile which only Nicholas could evoke.

"It could be nice," he agreed indulgently. "We must have a gardener. I shall see about it to-morrow."

As they went back to the house he gazed tenderly at his son wondering, hopefully, if this garden, this pure strong air, sweeping from the Sierras and the sea, might not bring health to him.

On the first floor, he had chosen for Nicholas and himself two adjoining front bedrooms connected by a curtained doorway through which he would be available if his son should call him in the night. He himself was a light sleeper who suffered severely

New light on deformities

DOCTORS now suspect that many illnesses in pregnancy besides German measles can produce deformities in an unborn child.

Ten years ago Australian specialists noticed a sudden epidemic in new-born babies of peculiar eye, ear, and heart weaknesses, previously considered congenital.

They traced these deformities to German measles which the mothers had suffered early in pregnancy.

Specialists are now watching mumps, chicken-pox, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, and flu. They suspect that these, too, may affect unborn babies.

The story is told in A.M. for April, now on sale.

from insomnia. Yet his ever watchful and protective love had always demanded that he should be close at hand during these nocturnal hours when, so frequently, distressing nightmares caused Nicholas to start into palpitating wakefulness, his heart beating frantically, his forehead bathed in a cold sweat of dread. This was a feature of the boy's invalidism which caused the Consul most concern.

Upstairs, the valises were already unpacked and it was not long before Nicholas, in a fresh nightshirt, knelt at his father's side to say his prayers. Despite the sophistication that his long sojourn in Europe had given him, Harrington Brande was still—he gravely admitted it—a religious man.

He listened with bowed head, his hand upon his son's shoulder, and at the end he added a special petition that the Almighty might protect them both and bless their sojourn now beginning in this new habitation.

Then in a low and muffled voice, in words which seemed wrenched from the centre of his being, he added: "We ask God's mercy for all transgressors . . . and in particular, dear child . . . we ask it for your mother."

A moment later Nicholas was in the big bed. Yet the Consul lingered, glancing with a kind of self-conscious hesitation at the slight figure, lost, almost, under the great brocaded counterpane.

"Of course, dear boy . . . you are too tired for our reading to-night?"

Nicholas, indeed, was dizzy from fatigue. Yet he knew how much store his father set by this final chapter of their evening ritual and, summoning a smile, he protested that he was still quite wide awake.

Again the Consul hesitated, but only for a moment. Entering his own room, he returned speedily with a heavy bound volume of Akerman's "Book of Ornithology," seated himself beside the bed, and put on his horn-rimmed glasses.

"You remember, Nicholas, that on our last evening at Arville we were discussing the birds of South Africa—a most interesting subject. We shall not take much to-night, just enough to keep ourselves in touch. Ah, here we are."

Clearing his throat, he began to read: "The ostrich genus *Struthio*, characterized by the possession of two toes . . ."

Please turn to page 52



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of 12 days' home training, mostly in night parades. In the event of a major war breaking out, he will be a seasoned member of the force that will virtually be Australia's A.I.F., while late-comers will be only raw recruits. He receives good pay for parades and the annual camp, and his firm, like most employers today, gives him leave for the C.M.F. camp in addition to normal annual holidays.

When your husband, your son, the man who is dear to you, asks your advice about C.M.F. enlistment, give him every encouragement, for your own and for Australia's security. He will appreciate your support in his big decision.

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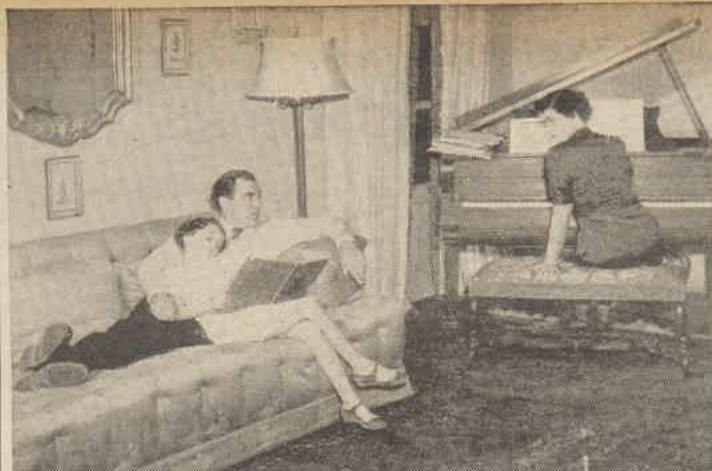
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POPULAR BRITISH ACTOR David Farrar, now a Hollywood guest artist, with his wife and seven-years-old daughter Barbara in their American home. "We spend most of our spare time together," he says, "reading or playing the piano."

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ Harvey
THERE is appealing warmth and humor in Universal's picturisation of the Mary Chase Pulitzer Prize play "Harvey" that adds up to 90 minutes' rewarding entertainment.

As most people know by now, the story revolves around an amiable character named Elwood P. Dowd, who drifts through life in a slight alcoholic daze, and his six-feet-four, invisible rabbit Harvey.

Those who missed the play may be interested to know that the author helped adapt her comedy for transference to the screen, and that original shape, form, and technique have been treated with respect.

For filmgoers much of the simple charm of "Harvey," a fantastic comedy without action or plot in the ordinary sense, lies in novelty.

James Stewart's interpretation of the difficult role of Elwood P. Dowd is good by any standards.

He is humorous and charming as the gentle-natured tippler who retreats from harsh reality into the enchanted realm of illusion, even though you are unlikely to forget that he is popular film star James Stewart.

It would have been sacrilege to have had anyone but tiny Josephine Hull, who has that command of dialogue and gesture characteristic of the veteran stage actress, read the lines of Elwood's confused sister Veta.

A compact cast includes Cecil Kellaway, who is excellent as a frustrated psychoanalyst who dreams of cold beer and warm blondes; Peggy Dow and Charles Drake for glamour, and Victoria Horne as a girl appropriately named Myrtle Mae.

In Sydney—State.

★ Chain Lightning

FILM war ace and top-flight test pilot Humphrey Bogart shows us in "Chain Lightning" how the jet plane was perfected in America.

Bogart enters the film as the best pilot the European theatre of war ever saw. The audience and commercialism catch up with the uninhibited flier when

a cynical aeroplane builder, Raymond Massey, engages him as chief test pilot.

Massey concentrates on making profits for shareholders, but cuts corners on safety developments.

Reminding us that this is a propaganda film for fliers of the future there is Richard Whorf's aeroplane designer. He is the right sort who refuses to be influenced by pecuniary gain.

From the beginning a love story blows hot and cold between Bogart and Eleanor Parker, who works hard to change his mercenary approach to living.

As if you didn't know, love eventually triumphs when intrepid Bogart takes to the air and proves his own change of outlook as well as the worth of the safety device which costs the life of its inventor.

Technically "Chain Lightning" is very well done. Near-documentary aspects are engrossing, and the feeling of space and speed holds the imagination.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ Return of the Frontiersman

A MINOR Western picture complete with technicolor, Gordon MacRae, and a lot of action, this Warner production has more spirit than you might expect.

Holding sentiment to a



LOVELY SUSAN SHAW and her husband, Albert Lieven, sample the "Shaw Sling," a fruit cocktail invented to commemorate Susan's recent birthday.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

tight bridle, singer MacRae comes through with surprising bursts of fast riding, punch throwing, and virile charm as the son of fighting sheriff Jack Holt, who brings a feeling of authenticity to his tough lawman.

MacRae is mixed up in tricky misadventures culminating in a murder charge through Rory Calhoun, who runs the town newspaper and refuses to carry a gun excepting in the final shooting match, when he is revealed as the menace to the peace and prosperity of the territory.

The girl in the case is played by pretty Julie London, who has little else to do than look attractive.

Doing what they can with stock featured roles are Fred Clark, Raymond Bond, and Edwin Rand.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ My Blue Heaven

THE best thing about this 20th Century-Fox production is the march hare humor of David ("Adam's Rib") Wayne.

For the rest "My Blue Heaven" is an over-long modern musical showing Betty Grable in typical pink, blue, and gold technicolor, a flamboyant wardrobe, and some cozy situations arising from a mother fixation that becomes tiresome.

The frothy fable has Betty and Dan Dailey as topflight television entertainers whose happiness is threatened by nursery troubles and the person of newcomer Mitzi Gaynor, who takes a mild shine to Mr. Dailey and has to be coped with.

Mitzi is cute to look at, has a colorful personality, and appears to be a real film find.

From the point of view of song and dance numbers, Dan Dailey, as usual, gets in some good footwork, but there isn't a tune to take the ear or set the foot tapping.

A good story for Betty Grable is an item that should be coming up on the studio agenda about now.

In Sydney—Mayfair.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 7, 1951

Pandora and the Flying Dutchman

THERE is romance, color, action, and spectacle in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," a Romulus film based on the Wagner story.

In the screenplay Pandora is a wealthy and fascinating American girl who has never found the man she seeks, although several men are desperately in love with her. Centuries previously the Dutchman was put under a curse for killing his wife, whom he unjustly suspected of unfaithfulness, and he is doomed to sail the seas

eternally unless he can find a woman willing to die for him.

Pandora and the Dutchman fall in love. He knows that at last he has found a woman who would die for him, but he cannot bear that she sacrifice herself to free him from the curse, so he leaves her. Later they are united, and together Pandora and the Dutchman disappear in a storm.

The film was made in the ancient Spanish village of Tossa del Mar, where cobbled streets, 14th century buildings, and a blue bay provided a perfect setting.



MYSTERIOUS Hendrick Van der Zee, known as the Dutchman (James Mason), above, is paid a surprise visit by Pandora (Ava Gardner). They have never met before, but Pandora is amazed to see that the portrait he is painting is strikingly like her.



COLORFUL Juan Montalvo (Mario Cabré), a famous Spanish matador, is also in love with Pandora. She fires him with inspired courage in the bull-ring, and he is madly jealous of rivals. To impress her he puts on a solo performance in the ring.



ELUSIVE beauty Pandora Reynolds (Ava Gardner), above, a strange and complex personality at cross purposes with life until she meets and learns to truly love the Dutchman.

DASHING Stephen Cameron (Nigel Patrick), at right, is another man who loves the unpredictable Pandora. He is a top-flight racing motorist whose other great love is his car.

PLAYBOY Reggie Demarest (Marius Goring), below, is the fourth man in love with Pandora. In a Spanish tavern she sings for dissolute Reggie, who broods because his love is not returned by the American girl.



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1 QUARREL occurs between Dr. Howard Fleming (Cecil Parker) and his wife Clare (Ann Crawford) because she, a psychiatrist, will not let him punish their son, Tony, for drawing a horse on a wall. They separate.



2 BORED and unhappy after she leaves her husband, Clare goes to stay with her parents and persuades her sister's fiance, Tim (Derek Bond), to take her for a drive to Newhaven.



3 INTERESTED in finding his wife, Howard goes to her parents' home. There he hears that Clare's sister Joan (Barbara Murray) is worried because her fiance and Clare have disappeared together.



4 ENJOYING themselves in France on a one-day trip. Clare and Tim are unaware that Clare's mother is worried about them and about Clare's father (Mervyn Johns), who has also gone on a spree.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE



5 MYSTERY of Clare's father is cleared up by police. The doctor bails him out, learns that his wife is in France.

ENGLISH studios have a way with domestic comedy as shown by such films as "Quiet Weekend" and "The Chiltern Hundreds." Now Eagle-Lion provides a third comedy of this kind with "Tony Draws a Horse."

The prank of a small boy who draws a horse on the wall, thus causing his parents to quarrel about suitable punishment, has far-reaching effects when his parents part, his aunt quarrels with her fiance, and his staid grandfather goes out on a spree.

Ten-year-old Anthony Lang appears as Tony, the cause of all the trouble. Cecil Parker and Ann Crawford are cast as his parents, and the supporting cast includes Mervyn Johns, Derek Bond, and Barbara Murray.



6 AT AIRPORT the doctor meets truants who have been brought back under custody, having missed their return boat to England.



7 APOLOGY for her mistake is made by Clare when she hears that their son has been expelled for unruly behaviour. She agrees that he needs supervision, and she and the doctor are reunited.



8 WEDDING of Joan and Tim takes place only after much persuasion by Tim. Joan was at first furious about the trip taken by Clare and Tim but, eventually, she relents and forgives them both.

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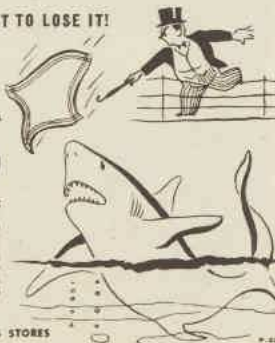
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The Spanish Gardener

NEXT morning the Consul rose early and left punctually for his office. Nicholas had passed an unquiet night in which the events of the journey and the dark impassive figure of the butler were inextricably mingled.

His temperature showed normal, but his father seemed to detect a lingering flush of excitement upon his cheeks, and insisted that the boy remain in bed—promising, however, to return at noon to see if he might get up for lunch.

It was a disappointment for Nicholas, who wished he might at least have lain outside in that lovely garden. But he was an obedient child, well versed by now in his own physical deficiencies, in the regular routine of thermometer reading and pulse checking prescribed by Professor Halevy.

Magdalena brought up his breakfast, rather breathless from her ascent of the stairs, but quite friendly, her black eyes almost hidden by the creases in her plump brown cheeks. Thanks to his father's tutoring, Nicholas spoke creditable Spanish, but Magdalena's rapid chatter was some kind of dialect, Catalan he thought, and they could not understand each other very well.

The breakfast was his usual one: a lightly boiled egg, crisp zwiebacks and comb honey, a glass of boiled goat's milk; obviously his father had been giving orders in the kitchen. Nicholas ate the food slowly, then he lay back, listening, as it were, to the silent heart-beat of the house.

Yet the beat was not altogether silent. Sounds came from downstairs, disturbing sounds, as of an argument—high words, followed by the banging of what Nicholas guessed to be the kitchen door. Then came the low undertone of whispering footsteps in the dining-room below, unhurried tidying-up movements, an ascending whiff of tobacco.

Construing all this, Nicholas was startled by the sudden quiet opening of his door. He turned and there, gazing at him, was Garcia.

Unaccountably, the blood rushed to the boy's cheeks. That queer distrust of the butler which he had felt on the previous evening returned with redoubled force.

"Shall I take your tray?" Garcia spoke with exaggerated deference, yet, as if

Continued from page 46

to give that the lie, he kept his cigarette burning between his nicotine fingers.

"Please... thank you," Nicholas answered in a small, unsteady voice.

The man did not move but showed his teeth in what might have been a smile.

"Don't mind me," he said softly. "I am well used to children. In one place there were seven. The little girl used to sit upon my knee. Before she died."

Nicholas took a quick breath. The butler drew deeply, absently, upon his brown cigarette yet never removed his eyes from the boy's face.

"One day I will tell you about her. It would make an interesting talk for us. I've seen many things. Sad and horrible things. Unbelievable things. The world is full of idiots. Nothing matters to me, absolutely nothing."

"What do you mean?" Nicholas gasped.

"You will see. I have been a soldier. An officer. I have seen men flogged, tortured, and shot. But we will speak of that another time. Tell me. Where is your mother?"

Nicholas turned pale. The question, thrown casually, yet with a hidden insolence, pierced anew the deepest, the most secret scar in his shrinking soul. For an instant of panic he thought of answering, "She is dead." Yet an instinct within him repudiated the lie.

"She is in America," he stammered.

"Ah!" Garcia exclaimed. "A wonderful country. But why not here?"

With a trembling which made his lips quiver, Nicholas brought out the words, "Mother doesn't live with us any more."

Garcia parted his thin wide lips in a silent laugh.

"So she is nothing to us. She lives apart. But we cannot escape from people that way." He broke off, listened an instant, then added, "Your father has come back. You must not tell him of our interesting conversation. Now we have a secret, you and I. Do not forget that, little innocent."

He advanced to the bed, and, using only one hand, expertly hoisted up the tray; then, with a half bow, tinged with that same servile mockery, he turned and went out of the room, almost as the Consul came in.

The Consul was in good spirits, and after a brief inspection he bade Nicholas get up, talking to him while he dressed. The office was better than he had expected. Besides Alvin Decker, there were two Spanish clerks on the staff. He had found the equipment in sound condition.

"And now," the Consul went on with continuing liveliness, "you may be interested that I have found you a gardener. He's outside, in the yard. Come along and take a look at him."

They went downstairs, Nicholas walking sedately at his father's side.

Please turn to page 53

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FISH QUIZ

Answers to fish quiz,
published on page 40.

- 1—When young, goldfish are a greenish-brown. Within a few months certain foods cause secretions known as carotinoids to form in the blood. These secretions give the fish their characteristic colors.
- 2—No. After gaining speed by swift movements of its tail, the flying fish launches itself into the air, using its wings for gliding.
- 3—Toad fish.
- 4—Tuna.
- 5—Very rarely.
- 6—Malay Sates.
- 7—Yes. Sound devices prove that some species of fish make clucking, rasping, grunting, and hissing noises.
- 8—Eels.
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**Dr. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS**

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 52

OUTSIDE, waiting at the back entrance, in an attitude of respectful attention, was a tall, well-proportioned youth of nineteen, with open features and dark, gentle eyes. It was a simple face, and could have been handsome, but for the soft full mouth.

The young man wore his best suit, a shoddy but well-brushed serge, the jacket cut very short, Catalan fashion, and the trousers billowing slightly at the cuff, covering the broken shoes. In his large brown hands he held a round flat hat.

"Well, here you are, my lad," said the Consul with agreeable briskness. "What did you say your name was?"

"Jose, senior... Jose Santoro."

"And you are an expert gardener?"

Jose smiled, deprecatingly, showing beautiful white teeth. It was a warm, natural smile, and so infectious it made Nicholas want to smile back.

"I know to dig, and hoe, and care for the soil, senior. I can prune and plant. I am very willing. But I am not so expert."

"I understood you had experience," Brande said, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, yes, senior," Jose answered quickly. "For three years I worked in the Montara vineyards. But now there is much unemployment in the hills."

"You have testimonials?"

With a faintly lost air, smiling yet doubtful, Jose's gaze passed from the Consul and came to rest on the boy.

"We do not trouble about such things, senior. If you ask Diego Borgano, at Montara, I think he would speak well of me."

There was a pause. Nicholas, gazing up anxiously at his father, had to suppress an impulse, which he knew would only prejudice Jose's case, to beg his father to engage this gardener who was so young, so friendly, and so nice.

The sound of the luncheon gong hastened the Consul's decision. After all they had given the fellow a good character at the Exchange. He spoke brusquely. "I shall expect you to work hard, you know. The pay is thirty pence a week. Do you agree?"

"I do not quarrel with the senior's wishes," Jose answered soberly.

"Very good," said Harrington Brande. "Be here at eight o'clock to-morrow and I'll show you what I want done. Come along, dear boy."

He took his son's arm and moved off. As Nicholas went towards the house he had a warm picture of the Spanish youth standing there, gentle and humble, yet strangely proud in his poor Sunday clothes, holding the ridiculous hard hat in his fine hands.

Irresistibly, as he followed his father up the verandah steps, he looked back over his shoulder and smiled. Jose's white teeth flashed in an answering smile; and to the boy's joy, he waved his arm in gay acknowledgment.

A place had been made for Nicholas in the shelter of the oleanders, a kind of arbor formed by their flowering, overhanging branches; and here, following the schedule

laid down by his father, he spent most of his time between lunch and tea, reclining on a lounge, absorbing the ozone, and perusing a book selected by his father.

This afternoon, however, the boy's eyes strayed frequently, though secretly, from the printed page, towards the figure of the new gardener working in the overgrown border beneath the catalpa tree.

For two days now Nicholas had longed to speak to him, but no opportunity had presented itself and he was too shy to make one.

But now, from Jose's rate of progress as he dug steadily with his azada along the border, cleaning out the weeds and breaking up the soil, the boy could see that very soon the other would be beside him, and his heart lifted eagerly at the prospect.

When at last the gardener reached the arbor, he straightened himself, and, leaning his elbows on the long spade handle, smiled directly at Nicholas. The boy knew that he must speak first, yet he could think of nothing to say.

"You have been working very hard," he stammered with his usual nervous flush.

"No, no," Jose's smile widened and he shrugged his sun-burned shoulders. His torso was bare, and the tight-belted cotton trousers, which he wore with rope-soled espadrilles, showed the clean strong lines of his graceful limbs. His skin, smooth and golden, had a warm living texture from the supple play of muscles underneath.

AFTER a short pause, the young man asked Nicholas naively: "You do not work?"

"I do these." With a more vivid color Nicholas indicated his books.

"Ah, yes," Jose nodded gravely. "I think you are very clever."

"Oh, no," protested Nicholas. "But I have to read a good deal, and that is why I read."

"You are sick just now?" Jose suggested.

"I always have a little fever," Nicholas consciously explained. "I am not strong."

Jose's gentle smile deepened. "Perhaps if you worked like me you would be strong." He held out his hand. "Come. I have finished digging and am going to plant. You shall help me."

Nicholas was speechless with delight—he hesitated, but only for an instant. They went to the potting shed, where Jose shouldered an open box of petunia seedlings, which the Consul had ordered him to bring that morning from the market, then proceeded to the far end of the lawn. Here, after stretching a double string along the freshly prepared plot, the gardener began to bed out the young plants.

At first, Nicholas was content to watch, but presently, responding to Jose's glances of invitation, he bent down and timidly planted a seedling himself. After that he could not bring himself to stop.

Nicholas had always lived in towns, in houses which gave directly on the street, and now, squatting beside Jose, the sun beating warmly upon the

back of his neck, the smell of the earth filling his nostrils, he told himself that he had never known anything so wonderful.

Towards four o'clock the planting was finished, and, with real pride, Nicholas stood beside Jose, viewing the neatly spaced bed. So immersed was the boy he did not hear the car as it entered the drive, but a minute later he was startled by his father's voice.

"Nicholas, what on earth are you doing?"

Nicholas swung round, his face still lit with joy.

"Oh, Father, I've had such an interesting time. Watching, and helping, too, with these petunias. And now they have to be watered." He went on coaxingly. "It isn't really late. May I just wait and see them done?"

Displeased and uncertain, Brande gazed from his son to the Spanish gardener, who, knowing his position, had withdrawn a few paces and was now winding the long string upon its wooden peg. Something impersonal and humble in that action seemed to reassure the Consul. He said dryly: "Well, if you're not too long. And see you don't catch cold. Our heavy cases have arrived. I'm going in to unpack."

"Oh, thank you, Father," Nicholas exclaimed.

Harrington Brande turned and went indoors. Neatly arranged in the hall three wooden boxes stood awaiting him with the lids and surplus straw already removed. Garcia, he reflected, was proving even more useful than he had hoped.

He stepped to the bellpull and summoned the man; then, alert for the safety of his greatest treasure, cast an exploratory eye upon the contents of the boxes. Ah, here it was—carefully he withdrew from the smallest case a thick bundle of typescript bound with red tape.

"You rang, senior?"

Brande swung round. "Ah, yes, Garcia. You've made an excellent beginning here. Now, will you take this? Greatly, please. It is the manuscript of my book."

The butler widened his eyes. "The senior is an author?"

Flattered by the exclamation, with its overtones of adulation, Harrington Brande inclined his head.

"For many years now I have been occupied with a considerable work... the biography of a great man."

"Does the senior mean himself?"

Brande laughed. "Come, come, Garcia. You go a little too far. Find some strong wrapping paper and make a neat package. I want to take it to the office."

"Of course, senior."

When the man had gone Brande stood for a minute; then moved to the nearest crate, probing among the contents, wondering where he should begin. But suddenly he paused, his eye caught by a cardboard folder which lay on top of the case. His face altered. A muttered exclamation broke from his lips.

From the recesses of some drawer the removalists had brought to light a photograph he long ago had banished from his sight. It was the likeness of his wife.

Please turn to page 55

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The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 53

PICKING up the photograph, Brande steeled himself to look at it. Yes, there was Marian, with her pale charming face and soft dark eyes, her sensuous lips parted in that shadowy smile which had always baffled him.

Still holding the photograph he sat down broodingly in the window alcove, thinking of that first fateful evening when he had met her.

It was thirteen years before, at Bowdoin College, where he had gone to deliver a lecture to a student society. At the reception which followed he had observed, standing near the door, this pale, rather thin girl, dressed in black, and immediately a sensation had possessed him, an overflowing emotion which he had never known before.

He had himself introduced, made guarded inquiries, discovered that she was poor, that her father, a superannuated university professor, lay ill of an incurable complaint in most indifferent lodgings in the town.

He then decided on a Maine vacation, found a good hotel in the vicinity, and pressed his suit, not with much success, yet with precise tenacity. She told him she did not wish to marry. Twice she refused him, and though he went away for a month or two, still he came back.

That winter her father died and she was alone. The opportunity was too favorable to miss. He proposed again and, with a strange passive look, she accepted him.

And then, what had happened? He had done his utmost to prove his love—no one could have been more devoted. He was still stationed in Washington, his prospects were bright, their hotel apartment was agreeable. To the fullest extent of his means he surrounded her with comfort, chose books and flowers for her, planned her entertainment, advised her on what people they should know, even helped her to select her dresses.

He was with her everywhere, at all times—even at public functions, which he pressed her to attend, he was always at her side.

She was more silent than he could have believed, and these silences grew, but as he liked to talk that did not distress him. Occasionally when

he had impressed upon her his point of view, the look in her eyes made him uncomfortable, and her shadowy smile was always baffling.

Some months after the birth of their child he had begun to sense in her an aversion towards him, a strange and incredible antipathy, a barrier which grew, despite his efforts to break it down, to possess her completely, bodily and spiritually, as his own.

Although in his heart he knew it to be absurd, he had been goaded to suspect that she must have a lover, had watched her jealously, had gone so far—as he not her husband?—as to set an agent to spy upon her movements. All to no purpose. Could it be, simply, that she detested him?

It was finally during a vacation in New York that, with hollowed cheek and drooping head, she had told him that, for the time being, she must leave him. She must be alone, for some months, to readjust herself.

BRANDE had felt himself turn cold, sick with a longing to crush her brutally in his arms. Sweeping aside her pleading he had delivered his ultimatum coldly: "If you go I'll not take you back. With me it's all or nothing."

She made no reply. But he could still see her shadowy eyes, holding the eternal enigma which had always tortured him. He went on: "You'll have no money, no position. And no hand, none, in bringing up our child."

"Have I got that now?" she answered sadly, and, turning, went slowly from the room.

Here in the embrasure of this Spanish house, with his head buried in his hands, he could still see her slender, swaying figure, dressed in grey, could still breathe in the warmth and perfume of her presence.

Well, she was gone, completely eradicated from his life; when last, indirectly, he had heard of her she was mourning in a woman's boarding-house in New York, working—for a pittance, he pre-

sumed—in a communal welfare centre. So be it, then. At least he had what she had not, their son.

All that love which she had spurned was now transferred, lavished upon Nicholas. He adored the boy, and he would cherish him, hold him close to his heart, always.

For long moments he remained there, bowed and brooding, the lines of his face drawn back in hungry longing. Suddenly there came the sound of laughter from without.

Recalled, he raised his head, gazed heavily through the window, perceived Jose and his son, carrying the watering can along the garden path together, sharing a joke which apparently amused them both.

The Consul's cheek twitched. Nicholas, he brooded, was happy with this youth.

Abruptly he rose, went to the door and, controlling his voice, called out: "Nicholas, come in, my dear. Come in at once."

It was ten o'clock on Sunday morning, some three weeks later, and the Consul sat restfully at breakfast with his son in the sunlit alcove of the dining-room. Outside, the spring was unfolding a day so lovely that Nicholas had longed to take his toast and honey on the open verandah.

But his father, wary of the early deceitful air, had chidingly shaken his head. Instead, he had ordered Garcia to set a small table by the window, looking out into the garden.

"Father . . ." From time to time Nicholas had been glancing at the Consul, who, in his most favorable humor, was now agreeably occupied with a light cigar and his paper. "Father, I should like so much to go to the pelota game this afternoon."

Slowly the Consul lowered his paper. "The pelota game?" he repeated without comprehension.

"Yes, Father." The blood had rushed into the boy's cheeks but he summoned his courage and went on: "It's a kind of handball which they play here. Very fast and exciting. All the towns on Costa Brava are in the league. And to-day Huesca, the champions, are meeting San Jorge."

Please turn to page 50



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"If I had a child like that," growled Mr. P., "I'd tan his hide. The way he was into, around, and on top of everything and everybody. That's modern child-rearing for you!"

But is it? Some people get the idea that the modern way of bringing up children swings from the "seen but not heard" school to the other extreme of the child dominating the family.

Such an idea is far from the truth. Few, if any, child psychologists or modern educators

suggest that for the sake of the child's personality development he be permitted unbridled freedom.

Children need to learn to live with others. And living with others means that their rights and privileges must be given consideration. To shout and yell when grown-ups are talking, to climb all over them, to insist on being the centre of attention all the time are not acceptable kinds of behaviour. No conscientious parent permits such things.

Of course, children have to go through a process of learning about these things. Nor need they be "slapped down" in order to learn them. If the youngsters are not completely ignored, if they are



CHECK your wild Indian.

permitted to take some part in conversation and other activities with the grown-ups and their friends, they will usually co-operate by not being pests.

But, of course, they will now and again need to be checked in a firm but kind way.

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• Flexible menus add sparkling variation to family dinners.

WHEN planning dinner menus for the family it is a good idea to dispense with soup occasionally and serve a refreshing fruit appetiser, or omit the sweet and substitute a platter of salad snippets and savory biscuits. All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

(See color photograph.)

Tuna grapefruit appetiser.

Savory stuffed marrow.

Pear, carrots, fluffed jacket potatoes.

Apricot cream gateau.

TUNA GRAPEFRUIT APPETISER

Three or four grapefruit halves, one small tin tuna, mayonnaise, paprika, parsley.

Wash and dry grapefruit, cut in halves. Cut edge into peaks if desired. Carefully cut out pulp, using a grapefruit knife if available. Remove some of the membrane and cut the pulp into pieces. Mix with flaked tuna, fill back into grapefruit cases. Mix oil from tuna with mayonnaise, and spoon over top. Dust with paprika, garnish with parsley. For three or four.

SAVORY STUFFED MARROW

One medium-sized marrow, 1lb. minced cooked meat (or one 12oz. tin luncheon meat), 1 tablespoon grated or scraped onion, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup tomato puree.

Wash and dry marrow. Cut a thick slice from both ends, and carefully scoop out seeds. Combine meat, onion, sauce, parsley, carrot, crumbs, and tomato puree. Fill into marrow, place end slices back in position and

THREE Courses

secure with skewers or cocktail sticks. Place in large dish, add about 1 pint of water. Cover and cook in moderate oven until marrow is quite tender, 40 to 50 minutes or longer. Lift on to serving-dish, cut into thick slices, serve with tomato cream sauce (1/4 cup white sauce mixed with 1/4 cup tomato puree). For four.

APRICOT CREAM GATEAU

Two layers day-old sponge, bought or home-made, tinned apricots (or other firm fruit), whipped cream, apricot syrup, cherries to decorate.

Prick both layers of sponge well with a fork, moisten each portion with about 3 tablespoons of apricot syrup. Cover one layer with whipped cream and apricots, place second portion on top. Decorate top. Serve very cold. For five or six.

MENU 2

Cream of corn soup.

Chilli Con Carne.

Beans, fluffed parsnip, mashed potato.

Vanilla snow with chocolate sauce.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP

One tablespoon butter or other shortening, 3 dessertspoons flour, 3/4 cups milk, 1/4 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 small tin corn, 1 teaspoon grated or scraped onion, 1 rasher very lean bacon, parsley.

Melt butter, add flour, and cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, pepper, corn, onion, and finely chopped bacon. Stir until boiling. Simmer

RECIPES for the colorful dinner menu illustrated above are given on this page.

10 to 15 minutes over very low heat, stirring occasionally. Serve piping hot topped with chopped parsley.

CHILLI CON CARNE

One small onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 3 dessertspoons fat, 4 medium tomatoes (or 1 1/2 cups thick tomato puree), 1/4 cup meat or vegetable stock or water, 1lb. minced steak, 1/4 cup cooked dried peas or beans, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper.

Peel and chop onion, fry with fat and green pepper until starting to color. Add chopped skinned tomatoes (or tomato puree) and stock or water. Stir until boiling. Add steak, peas or beans, sauce, salt to taste, and cayenne pepper. Cover and cook over very gentle heat until meat is quite tender, stirring occasionally. Add a little stock or water if needed. Serve hot. For four.

VANILLA SNOW WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

One pint fresh milk, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Chocolate Sauce: Half cup water, 1/4 cup milk, 6 squares dark block chocolate (1 1/2 oz.), 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over medium heat until very thick and smooth. Continue stirring until boiling; simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Beat with a wooden spoon until slightly cooled, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, lemon rind, and vanilla. Turn into wetted mould, cool, then chill. Serve with sauce. For four.

Chocolate Sauce: Blend cornflour with the milk, add water and sugar. Bring to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Stir in chopped chocolate, stir until melted and well mixed. Allow to cool before using.

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"After the Ball is Over"



There's a sharp contrast between the warm ballroom and the biting cold when you come out, but Jack Bosley and Joyce Morris are old hands at the game. Winners of the Australian Ballroom Dancing Championship two years running, and Australian representatives at the Empire Championships in London last year, Jack and Joyce have been delighting dance fans for years. Jack says, "Ballroom dancing is strenuous. You become heated and the cold gets at you afterwards. Joyce and I don't let it worry us. We keep Bonox handy and we find there's nothing to touch it for driving out chills." Bonox is the essence of beef. A teaspoonful dissolved in water makes a delicious, warming drink that helps keep your head above the 'flu line. Eat and drink Bonox for a l-i-f-e!

803

Money-saving dish wins £5

• An appetising tomato and cheese dish, which is sufficiently nutritious to take the place of meat for luncheon, wins this week's main prize of £5.



TOMATO CHEESE CUSTARD is particularly tempting and appetising when prepared and served in individual ramekins.

SERVE it in small helpings as a dinner entrée or generously as a luncheon dish.

Consolation prizes are awarded to a wholesome light fruit cake, which does not require eggs, and a delicious cold sweet—coffee crumb meringue.

All spoon measurements are level.

TOMATO CHEESE CUSTARD

Two or three tomatoes, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups boiling milk, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 3oz. grated cheese, 2 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, extra ½ cup breadcrumbs and 2 tablespoons grated cheese, grilled bacon rolls and parsley to garnish.

Grease individual ramekin dishes or 1 large ovenproof dish. Skin and slice tomatoes, reserve some slices for garnishing, and arrange balance in bottom of ramekins or large dish. Sprinkle with salt and sugar. Pour boiling milk over breadcrumbs in a basin, allow to stand 10 minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks, cheese, salt and pepper. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour over tomato slices, stand dishes in baking tin with little cold water. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg.

F. electric) until set. Serve garnished with tomato slices, grilled bacon rolls, and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Miss R. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

COFFEE CRUMB MERINGUE

Half-pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue, few cherries.

Warm milk slightly, pour over breadcrumbs. Allow to soak 5 minutes. Beat egg-yolks and 1 egg-white until creamy, add sugar and coffee essence, beat lightly through bread mixture. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, stand in dish of cold water and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until set. Cool slightly, spread top with jam (heated until softened). Beat remaining egg-white until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, continue beating until stiff. Pipe

roughly on top of pudding, decorate with rings of cherry, return to cool oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Chill before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.

EGGLESS APPLE FRUIT CAKE

One cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon spice, 1½ cups mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, ½ cup warm milk, 1 cup very dry stewed apple pulp (slightly sweetened).

Sift flours, spice, and salt, add sugar, fruit, and cold apple pulp. Dissolve soda in warm milk, add melted butter, fold into dry ingredients. Fill into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) approximately 1½ hours. Allow to stand in tin 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Langford, 176 Palmerston St., Perth.



FLOWERS reminiscent of the Victorian period grow in profusion in this Bowral (N.S.W.) garden, which wins a prize of £22/- for gardening enthusiast Mrs. Ruth Norton.

Garden of old-world flowers

A CHARMING garden on the N.S.W. southern tablelands, made and owned by Mrs. Ruth Norton, of Mount Road, Bowral, wins the £22/- prize in the garden picture contest this week.

The garden was established only three years ago on gently sloping land of volcanic origin, and the rich chocolate soil has produced things at a rate considered impossible anywhere else.

When planning the house and garden Mrs. Norton left standing as many native trees as possible. She then gathered her seeds, cuttings, and plants from friends and a local nursery.

Flowers set out are mostly perennials, and even the pansies planted 2½ years ago are still providing myriads of blooms—thanks to her skill and care. Other flowers and

practically all shrubs have simply romped along in this virgin soil.

All the old-world flowers thrive there—hollyhocks, foxgloves, fuchsias, catmint, peonies, lavender, rosemary, roses, and many of the daisy family. Old timers like irises, hydrangeas, and gladioli also yield a heart-warming wealth of color and fragrance.

Springtime glory

BULBS of all kinds give charm to this lovely garden during spring, while pink clematis, climbing roses, and jasmine trail around the windows, adding further charm and attractiveness.

Mrs. Norton believes in regular cultivation to aerate the soil, but waters only when absolutely necessary. For the first time, this year some stimulant, blood and bone, was given to the soil. Mrs. Norton does the entire work

unaided—planting, tending, and cultivating.

One of the most attractive features of the garden is a flat rockery on the front terrace, in which weather-stained stones, complete with moss and lichens, from Berrima Creek, hold back the soil. In the bays of this rockery all sorts of alpine plants, including phlox, pinks, and pansies, are grown. The shrubs include forsythia, lilacs, and hawthorns—suitable to the altitude.

Every week a prize of £22/- is offered to readers of this paper for the best garden photograph and a 200-word story describing how the work was done. Stories and pictures should be forwarded to the "Home Gardener." The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Negatives and photographs will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes accompany entries.



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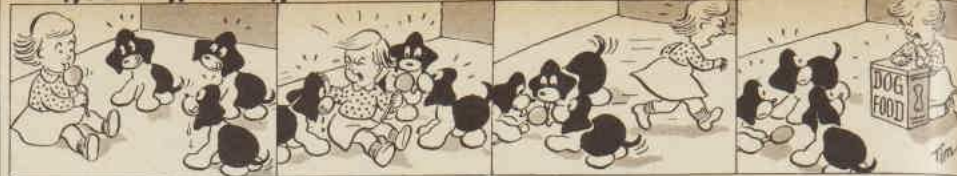
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HARRINGTON

BRANDE was gazing in amazement at his son's eager face. Gradually his expression relaxed.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed mildly. "So Garcia has been talking to you. What nonsense goes on here when I'm at the office! Tell me, where and when is this famous game to take place?"

"At the Recreo, Father," Nicholas breathed, not daring to confess that Garcia was not his informant, "four o'clock this afternoon. Oh, do let us go."

"Well," Brande appeared to consider. "If you take your tonic now . . . finish your Spanish composition . . . and rest for an hour after lunch, then we shall see."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Father," Nicholas jumped up, delighted.

At half-past three that afternoon the two set off, Nicholas in the highest spirits, Mr. Brande exhibiting a mood of indulgent good humor.

The Consul knew nothing of sport. Once at Ancona he had thrown the first pitch at a baseball game arranged between teams drawn from visiting United States naval forces, and again, some years later at Knocke, he had presented the prizes at the local sailing club's regatta.

Now, however, in an amused fashion, he subscribed to something of his son's expectation.

They parked the car in the Plaza and by traversing a net-

work of narrow streets behind the fruit market came out at the Recreo, which, Mr. Brande noted with faint misgiving, stood in a low part of the town.

However, he willingly enough permitted himself to be tugged by Nicholas to the front row of the tribuna, a backless wooden plank which faced directly on the concrete court where a man in shirt-sleeves, with a pot of red paint, was freshening up the lines.

They were early. Only a few youths had gathered on the top tier of benches, where, with their feet up, they were smoking, joking loudly, and arguing in a regrettably vulgar manner. From time to time, other spectators, with hands in their pockets, strolled in, mostly young men and boys who took their places at the rear and joined in the general rowdiness.

The Consul reflected that at least they were some distance from these cads and had adequate space in which to avoid contact with them. But, alas, no sooner had four o'clock struck upon the Marina clock than the real aficionados broke in upon the tribuna—a crowding, chattering mass of humanity, pushing and elbowing into every available space.

In no time at all the benches were packed, the aisles full of squatting human forms. A stout little man in a battered black sombrero and shiny dark

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 55

suit, with half an onion in one hand and a hunk of bread in the other, squeezed himself into position beside the Consul and, with a friendly grin, sharpened his clasp-knife upon his boot and began noisily to eat.

Small whistles broke out all over the arena accompanied by a slow rhythmic stamping of feet and cries of "Ole . . . Ole . . . Ole!"

"They'll soon start now, Father. Shall I explain about the game?" Nicholas leaned forward and pointed eagerly across the court. "You see these two walls. They're set exactly opposite each other, about two hundred feet apart. One's called the frontis and the other the pareo de rebote. These red lines on them show where the ball must strike. And the red lines on the court itself—they call it the concha—mark out the same thing."

While the Consul stared in curiosity, the boy talked on.

"There are two players on each side, the delantaro—that's the forward—and the zagüero, the back. Huesca plays in blue shirts, San Jorge in white. The pelota—that's the ball—is made of India rubber, bound with varn and covered with sheepskin, and they throw it with the cesta. The play is terribly fast . . ."

At this point, in sudden interruption, there came a con-

certed shout from the crowd, and, vaulting over the barriers on the opposite side of the concrete rectangle, the four players appeared upon the court. They wore singlets and white linen trousers; and, fastened to the right hand of each, by means of a glove attachment, was a kind of light wickerwork basket.

As they began a swift practice knock-up against the wall the Consul felt Nicholas grow tense beside him.

"Now you see, Father. You see why we came. Isn't it a surprise for you? Isn't it splendid?"

At first Brande did not understand, but, following the boy's glowing gaze, he saw that it was fixed magnetically upon the younger of the two San Jorge players, a tall, like figure, moving with graceful ease about the court. It was Jose.

"Look, look, Father," Nicholas shrilled. "They're starting now. And Jose's seen us. He just waved to me."

The Consul started, lost countenance, and for a long moment remained quite motionless. In a flash of understanding the situation became clear to him—the boy's eagerness to come to the match, his extraordinary knowledge of the game, his undreamed-of yet unmistakable, complicity with the young gardener.

To be continued

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27.4.51

Sister Jacob holds family picnic



MOTHERS and children who attended a beach picnic, arranged by Sister Mary Jacob, at Bondi.



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BEACH-INSPECTOR Brian Davidson is amused as Glenis Cockrane and Graham Rolten try their skill at the reel.

To celebrate the new, enlarged edition of her book, "You And Your Baby," which has just come off the press, Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, invited a score of young mothers with their children to a picnic at Bondi Beach.

ALL those mothers had attended pre-natal classes at our Mothercraft Service Bureau.

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For your protection, the formula of every NYAL medicine is plainly printed on the package. And, of course, that's why your chemist can recommend NYAL medicines with complete confidence—because he knows what they contain, and what they are intended to do. Here are a few of the better-known NYAL Baby Needs—Nyal Soothing Syrup (2/3), Nyal Baby Cough Syrup (2/6, 3/6), Nyal Baby Powder (1/11, 3/11), Nyal Baby Soap (1/-), Nyal Milk of Magnesia (2/3, 3/9), Nyal Figsen (2/3), Nyal Teething Powders (1/9), Nyal Camphor Ice (2/-), Nyal Children's Cough Mixture (2/6, 3/6), Nyal Chest Rub (3/-).



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